/4/17

REMINISCENCES OF A JURIST

Prof. K. R. R. SASTRY

6/4/17

THE AUTHOR

REMINISCENCES OF A JURIST

By

PROF. K. R. R. SASTRY

Author of :

From a Rural School Window — 1923
South Indian Guilds — 1925
The Madura Saurashtra Community — 1925
The League of Nations Covenant — 1934
International Law — 1937
Indian States and Responsible Government — 1939
Indian States — 1942
Treaties, Engagements and Sanads — 1942
Thoughts Collected in Tranquillity — 1942
Men I have met — 1944
A. *A Hindu Jurist in the West* — 1946
Studies in International Law — 1952
From a Law College Window — 1956
Gathered Flowers — 1956
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H. M. KING MAHENDRA

OF NEPAL

the only independent Hindu monarch,
a great scholar and an eminent poet.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

Encouragement afforded by Srimathi I. K. Ranee, Sri Vaidya Subramania Iyer and my ex-students, Prakash Chunder Chaturvedi, Govind Narain, I.C.S., Renganatha Misra, Ganesh Prasad Tandon and others is herein acknowledged.

PROLOGUE

Autobiographies have been very uncommon in India. Even when the Father of our Nation wrote in such a vein, they were called "*Experiments with Truth*". His political heir has gone one step further in dubbing it as such.

When I had found myself in full possession of all my faculties with a basic contentment and steadfast faith in our way of life, I developed an *urge* to write my reminiscences.

From 1919, diaries have been maintained and twelve volumes of Spiritual Path Diaries since fateful 1942 have come into being.

The life of the author has been divided into three parts chronologically. From birth to 1928 when he got enrolled as an advocate is one long period which includes the three years of service in the educational department. The second is the period of blossoming and fulfilment in a mundane sense — thirty years is a sufficiently long one.

The period after 1958 is *par excellence* — the best in the sense that the quest is solely after realization. When one is in all senses content with his lot and when he is imbued with basic sound knowledge and blessed ever by his Guru, the only other factor is *Time*. This is also termed *patience*; patience at one's progress, patience towards society and patience towards everything — so-called 'other' factors.

When one has surrendered to *Cosmic Will*, what happens is always for the best.

Thus in the appendices, twelve reflections deal with literary, legal and social matters. Eight others dealing pithily with "Long Lonely Walks"; "Living under a Tree"; "Giving up Hoarding"; "Symbolism of Seven, Five and Three"; "Sages and Saints I have Met"; "Sri Aurobindo's Mission"; "On Pregnant Dreams"; and "Our Guiding Sages" are among the methods used by the author in the spiritual Path.

The appendices constitute an *organic part of the reminiscences*, and are to be gone through *slowly*.

Works in moments of insight willed, through years of labour are fulfilled.

I owe a deep debt of gratitude to Sir C. P. Ramaswamy Aiyar for his revealing Foreword.

K. R. R. SASTRY.

Under the SPREADING TREE :
29, Dwaraka Colony,
Maḍras-4.

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FOREWORD

Professor K. R. R. Sastry has produced, in the form of diaries and jottings, a series of recollections, reminiscences and musings which are both auto-biographical and anecdotal.

In this volume, Professor Sastry who proudly claims that his sole quest today is for self-realisation and that he has attained peace and contentment at this stage in his life, deals with literary, legal and biographical items. He has been an Advocate who has concentrated on Constitutional and International Law and who, in fact, assisted me greatly as my junior in the Periyar water dispute between Travancore and Madras. He has been a Professor of Law and an educationist of standing as well as an active participator in the Scout Movement and similar enterprises. He has been, in addition, a prolific author on general Jurisprudence as well as on International Law and has also been an ardent student of the mysticism of India who was thus attracted to its notable modern representatives, Sri Aurobindo Ghosh, Venkatramana Maharshi, Anandamayi Devi and several others. He has been, at the same time, an active member of the Theosophical Society and has acknowledged his indebtedness to Dr. Besant, to Sri Jinarajadasa and to Sri Sriram as well as to Sri J. Krishnamurthy.

With remarkable frankness, he took the liberty of differing from Gandhiji on some aspects of Ahimsa and, on pages 22 and 23, he publishes the correspondence that he had with that great protagonist of non-violence.

Professor Sastry analyses his own activities during 44 years as a freelance journalist and has included, in this volume, a large number of sketches relating to his contact with sages and saints, jurists and lawyers in Northern and Southern India as well as with orators, political leaders, judges of distinction, poets and scholars. In the nature of things and on account of the exigencies of space, his sketches are extremely brief; but even so, as will appear from his account of Sri Aurobindo's mission, he is able to convey a great deal of information in a short compass. The book is quite a mine of information and does credit to the variety and catholicity of the author's interests and outlook.

C P Ramaswami Aiyar
23. 4. 63

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REMINISCENCES OF A JURIST

CHAPTER I

1899-1928 — EDUCATION

Reminiscence is fundamentally *remembering*. It is recovery, and not rediscovery, of knowledge by mental effort. According to Plato, "all knowledge is such recovery of things known to the Soul in previous existences".

Of what avail will a subjective fact that A saw a huge figure more than thirty feet high at *Varanasi* be to B, C, D, and others? What is the value to posterity that A when frustrated by artificial obstacles chose to go round the mountain? Will it not lead to good morals if A jots down all temptations that came by his way and how he got over them? Of what use will the life of an Indian born in a lower middle class family be to the West at all? These and a hundred other doubts do not stand in the way of noting down one's struggles, hopes, travails and triumphs.

What was started forty-four years ago as a free lance in writing still continues not merely undimmed but if anything, is flowing in all its torrential speed. I *could not but write everyday*.

Birth and upbringing

One thing one cannot avoid. I am writing of the normal human being not of *Suka* and *Nammalvār*. *Why* I was born on 9 January, 1899, very early morning at Thirunelveli on the banks of the Thambraparni in the far South of India, I know not. Not one of us knows by *direct evidence* that he was born to a particular lady. It is all a case of hearsay of the most dependable credibility.

There are certain *geographical* characteristics of this region. The river has a perennial flow and one normally learns swimming. Our house where I lived in — for prior to my fifth year I am not able to remember anything — was just a three-room cottage, selfcontained. The company where I grew consisted mostly of boys of the same caste and one boy of a different caste.

In my fifth year I was *initiated* into the Tamil alphabet. The ceremony was interesting. On cadjan leaves the twelve first letters from *a* to *au* were written. My father, an Ayurvedic physician, deeply interested in alchemy, put his finger over mine and the first letters so written on sand were *Hari Aum Na Ma Sivaya*. My quiet good mother has narrated to me later that my father lived *incognito* for five years in the hills of the south called the *Agasthya Kuta*. He returned later and that after one year I was born. My father's deep interest in the *Siddha Sastras* followed him till his very end.

It is very normal for boys to undergo tuition at home under their fathers till they are admitted into the fourth standard. We were used to get up at 6 a.m., go to the river very near, clean our teeth, take the bath, wash our towels and simple underwear and then return home in wet towel. It is usual in South India to take oil-bath on Wednesdays and Saturdays — except when these days happened to be *Ekadasi, Dwadasi* or New Moon day. The girls in their turn had Tuesdays and Fridays.

Initiation into Gayatri

What baptism is to Christianity that the sacred ceremony of *Upanayanam* or *Brahmopadesam* is to the Brahmin. It was in my eighth year that I had this sacred function when one was initiated into the sacred *Gayatri Mantra* by his father. It took place in my maternal uncle's residence. My father spent more than he could on the essential items of expenditure.

Our Family

On the paternal side it was only in our generation that we were admitted to study English. Prior to me I had a sister and a brother both happily still alive and in possession undimmed of their mental faculties. My father's family, till I could trace it to the fourth in ascent, consisted of very learned people versed in Vedas and sanctified through performed sacrifices. They were in their own right *Dikshitars*, though in our modesty we contented ourselves with the suffix of "*Sastri*".

On the maternal side, my grandfather after whom I am named, was a hefty proprietor of land, and well-versed in Sanskrit prose works and *Dharma Sastras*. He taught me *Amarakosha*, which I had to learn by heart. My grandfather lived in a village called Kadayam and I remember with pride and gratitude that I was treated by him as his favourite grandson. He was a village elder, with courage of convictions. If only he had passed the *Dharma Sastry* examination, he could have minted money.

My maternal uncles were four. Three of them were lawyers and the fourth served in the Mathurai Municipality. The first two attained to the heights this profession could take them. Both contested successfully seats in the local legislative council. Both were also elected as Chairmen of the municipalities of Thirunelveli and Mathurai respectively. Both spent money like water on their elections. The eldest was a brilliant speaker and a great advocate. The next also spoke very well, but his style was laboured and his advocacy was persistent. If my elder brother, now a leading barrister in Rangoon, and myself took to law, it is not a little due to the examples of our two uncles.

Going to School

So, I was admitted into the IV Standard in the Hindu College in 1907. Till 1914 when I appeared for the School-Final examination, I stood first and snatched all the yearly prizes. I remember a few teachers of this period who had impressed me. The Tamil Pandit, Sri Subramania Kavirayar had high Tamil learning. The teacher of mathematics, Sri Hariharaputra Aiyer had a convincing mastery of his subject. Our teacher of English and Optional Science, Sri Sundaram Sastri was a hard task-master — another teacher Sri S. Kalyanasundaram Mudaliar was a very stern, awe-inspiring teacher.

High School Days

The seven years from 1907 to 1914 were also the years when I played football in the green meadow on the bank of the river. I was the extreme right. I still remember my counterpart at the extreme left, B. Veeraraghavan. The ball was only to reach us and it was despatched by a high kick to the centre forward who had only to *butt* it into the goal.

In 1908 we started a small club called *Bala Sat Sangam* of which I happened to be the Secretary. Two mates I still remember S. Krishnan and R. Varadachary, very orthodox in upbringing. I met them again in 1916-1918 when they were studying in the St. Joseph's, Trichinopoly.

Intermediate Course

I changed to History and Logic in 1914 for the Intermediate since Chemistry let me down. I have with me the postcard of the then Principal who wanted me to pass with distinction the Intermediate in 1916. From 1908-1916, the institution gave me free scholarship.

Honour's Course

Blessed with a first class and distinctions in Ancient History and Logic, I had the option of choosing between The Presidency College, Madras and the St. Joseph's at Trichy. As the latter promised me a free scholarship too, I chose the latter. Later I got the Government scholarship also. Thus I was able to open a small Savings Bank Account.

Three educationists stand prominent in my memory. Rev. Fr. P. Carty who taught us Economics and Politics was a master of a clear and terse style. Prof. P. T. Srinivasa Iyengar who taught us Indian History was a highly critical scholar excelling in original views. Rev. F. Bertram, our Principal, was as popular as he was humourous. He could remember every student's name including his "village in-law". I remember one strike led by us to improve the Clive's Hostel in 1917.

Rev. Father F. Bertram's humour

Here is a typical long letter from the very humourous Principal of the St. Joseph's College, Trichinopoly dated 18th January 1923.

My dear Shastry,

This style of address is much more dignified and much more suited to the long string of letters after your name, than mere "Ramabhadra" which was your name when you were a little boy in 1917. Certainly a man who writes learned articles in learned reviews deserves to be "*Shastrified*" to be sure .... now I am in earnest. You know.

But, then why did you leave the Education Department? Or why don't you go back to it? It is perhaps unworthy of a Shastry under the present N.B. Government. Still if you can get into it you had better. You will find it hard to get in anywhere else. If you depend on a post in this College for your livelihood, there is danger of your starving. Anyhow no appointment is made without the recommendation of the Shastry Professor avergal of the College. So you want to go over here. You had better bribe him, i.e., Fr. Carty.

I am sure your works on Economics must be valuable but as I am an ignoramus in the subject, I am unable to read and to appreciate them, which is a great pity. But I wish you good of them.

I seem to recollect that Kumbakonam is your "Village-in-law". So Trichy is on your way there and back and consequently if you ever go there, you have got to stop in Trichi and look us up. If you don't, you will be disgraced for ever. And then when you next see your f-in-law, the "admiral", you give him my "நமஸ்காரம்"s.

With best wishes,

Yours sincerely,
(Sd.) F. Bertram. S.J.

This letter is one among the many. It is evidence of the then communal character of the Madras Government as it bears abundant testimony to the uncanny memory of Principal F. Bertram regarding the tens of thousands of his ex-students.

My Wedding

My parents went to Kumbakonam, once called the Cambridge of South India, for it is on the banks of the famous river Cauvery and has produced *inter alia* a few brilliant mathematicians. There they chose for me a girl, a daughter of P. Rajagopala Iyer the then

Vice-Principal of the Government College. My father wrote to me a letter to Mathurai where I was staying with my elder brother who had just started practice as a junior to my uncle. He wanted my consent. I remember to have replied thus :—" If I agree, I need not see her. The question of my agreeing does not arise as you, my parents, are satisfied ".

And so the wedding took place in 1918 at Cumbakonam. With four issues to our credit, two in each, her contribution has been solid. I have always gone to her when faced with any difficulty, financial and otherwise. Her advice has been towards sobriety, steadfastness and sincerity. She has acted as a brake to my generosity, emotionalism and excitability. The two daughters have taken after me ; and the two sons after her. Is it not good to have your *complementary* in your partner ? As Addison wrote, " gravity " has to be harmonized by " Vivacity ". In this case, " gravity " was of the lady.

Literary Excursions

In reply to an appreciatory letter I wrote to Mrs. Asquith on her *Autobiography*, Vol I, Mrs. Asquith wrote under date 23rd February 1921 thus *inter alia* — " All books are spoilt for me by padding and many autobiographies by a sort of pettiness and self scanned and self-centred complacency which I find suffocating. . . .

I find nothing either improper or spiteful on a single page of the book. It is direct, very simple, and alive and *absolutely* true ; beyond this it has no merit."

Again in 1923 I wrote to *Lord Grey of Fallodon* on the hobby of *taming of the squirrels.* He sent a memorandum on how they came and played with him in the Foreign Office (*vide* Appendix VI). He wrote besides, these wonderful lines — which remind one of Gilbert White, — under date 29 November 1923.

> " It is very delightful to get wild things which are under no restraint and which are leading a perfectly natural life to become tame and to abandon that fear of man which is such a barrier between ourselves and so many beautiful things in the world ".

Efforts to get employed

Having taken a good second class in Honours (History, Economics and Politics) in 1919, I had to wait till August 1920 to get posted as a Deputy Inspector of Schools, at Dharmapuri. Meantime I had printed a small work on the *Madura Guilds*, the result of my study of economic problems in the field. This start in life was due to the influence of my father-in-law who had by then reached the top in the Provincial Educational Service.

I loved to work and instituted two gold medals for the best essay in the two taluqs. Succeeding as I did a corrupt officer, I was extremely popular. I made it a rule not to receive more than two lemon fruits and I invariably paid the teachers who had stood me as host in the far away interior. Being feasted every day and moving with a self-opinionated President of the Taluq Board, I soon got fed up.

I was deputed to the Teachers' College, Saidapet, on half-salary. I passed my L.T. Examination, but, to this date, have not cared to take the degree!

It was again a period of waiting till I was posted as an Assistant in the Government Training School, at Villupuram in 1923.

Meantime I had undergone training as a Scoutmaster in a Camp at Kumbakonam. This proved of value to start a Rovers' group later at Villupuram. How to be active *in doing good* and not passive in being good — this central lesson has gone deep into me. Whenever I have spent my time in long lonely walks or amidst friends as part of a group, the lessons learnt in Scouting have stood me in good stead.

Cape to Brindavan

As I never allowed grass to grow under my feet, I attended the Gaya Congress presided over by Sri Deshabandhu Chitta Ranjan Das in spotless Khaddar, as a press representative of *The Saurashtra* of Madura. In those days, the Congress was a yearly *tamasha* where any one present could get enrolled as a delegate.

On my return I stayed one day as the guest of Guru Dev Rabindranath Tagore at Shantiniketan. There I met three great dedicated workers, C. F. Andrews, W. W. Pearson and Dr. Elmherst in charge of Sriniketan. Guru Dev felt interested in the establishment of a *Tamil Chair* at Shantiniketan. Later, I met him, at the head of my *Shivaji Rovers* at Villupuram on his way to Peru. He invited me to start a Scout troop at Shantiniketan. This never materialised.

In the period of unemployment from 1922 to 1923 I had gathered material for a monograph on the Madura *Saurashtra Community* which later was published from Bangalore in 1925.

Two Hectic Years

From 1923 to 1925 was a hectic period when I worked in the Government Training School, Villupuram and Thirupathi. Though I kept myself busy with Scout work, playing tennis and conducting a badminton tournament, I was just like a square man in a round hole. Prospects ahead looked bleaky.

The then Educational Minister, Mr. A. P. Patro, though he had written an appreciative foreword to my work *From a Rural School Window* had negatived my posting to Anantapur Government College as an Assistant Lecturer on the ground that I was a Brahmin *by birth !*

This shook me through and thanks to the timely assistance of my father-in-law, I resigned my job and joined the Law College, Madras, in 1925. I took a *stern resolve* to wrestle through life. In my resignation to the Director of Public Instruction, Madras, I wrote *inter alia* that the "educational department is not a place fit for a man of average ambitions, not to write of high ambitions."

When I became again a regular student in the Law College, a letter of encouragement reached me from my professor Rev. Fr. P. Carty under date 15th July 1925.

> "And so you are a student once more. This speaks volumes in favour of your tenacity and after all it may be to good account later on for you to have gone through law.
>
> Wishing you a bright success in an *already crowded* but *still free line*".

9

Law College and After

The Madras Law College facing no cardinal point in the compass receives every one and through its back one can enter the High Court. The vicinity of the High Court to the Law College is best appreciated when one can use its valuable library for higher studies in law. When I prepared for my Master's degree in Law in 1933, I purchased no books and could be the first to do so in that new group, International Law. This was due to the broad hint made by Principal, K. Krishna Menon to me in 1930 that the new group was about to be scrapped if none were to appear in it. Eleven appeared in the group and one alone got through. In 1926, I won the first prize for oratory in the College, judged by Mr. Arthur Davis and Mr. S. Satyamurthy. The test was a five-minute speech on a subject to be announced a few minutes earlier. This assisted me in getting elected as the General Secretary of the Law College in 1926-27. As it was the year of the last batch of pleadership students too, the total sum of extra-Collegiate fees came to more than Rs. 4,000/-. As the last English principal wrote to me in a letter of appreciation :

> " I am concerned however with the last two years during which this young man — older in years and maturer by experience than the average law student — has been in the college where he sprang at once into a position of leadership.
>
> Of 1925-26 I may mention one thing only. He won the gold medal for oratory — the competition being very keen and the test a five minute unprepared speech on a subject given at the time before a crowd of fellow students — a very severe one.
>
> Of 1926-27 I may also mention one thing only. He was the General Secretary elected by the suffrage of the whole College of over 900 students. In all matters of college administration and politics, the General Secretary is in practice the Chief representative and mouthpiece of the students. I can say with confidence that Mr. Sastry has filled this position of trust and responsibility and often of considerable difficulty with an excellent combination of tact and firmness ".

Sd/- Arthur Davis,
10 March 1927.

A Moment of Frustration

In June 1927, I had a weak pull towards joining the Servants of India Society. The then President, the Rt. Hon'ble V. S. Srinivasa Sastry through a letter dissuaded me from doing so.

I also wrote to another great social worker, K. T. Paul, National Secretary, Y.M.C.A. He replied under date June 20, 1927 thus :—

> "As for the bigger question you ask about your future, that is too sacred a matter for any one to presume to advise. The main principles are well known to one of your equipment and experience, the rest is for one's own conscience and judgment. Not every one is called to completely altruistic service ; nor is every one happily called to become a money-making machine."

Thus these two pieces of advice one negative and the other in effect throwing back the decision to the questioner, gave me additional strength to face straight that plight of temporary failure and hence frustration.

Blessings from England

To coincide with my enrolment on 28th November 1928, my esteemed ex-Principal of the Madras Law College, Mr. Arthur Davis wrote a long letter dated 30th October 1928. Long extracts are given owing to the reaction of a mature Englishman to our *Constitutional agitation* :

> "Dear Sastry,
>
> I see that you are being enrolled as an advocate on 28. November. This should reach your hands in time for that— an auspicious time to give you my blessing. I hope you will make a great success of the trust you are undertaking, a trust not only for the administration of justice in the Courts, but also for service in public life. All the world over the lawyer has the greatest opportunities of all classes to help his country and his fellowmen : everywhere to move forward to a more rational, juster, happier state of things ! This is commonplace

— but in India it cannot be too much insisted upon, for there the lawyer is even a greater power for good and evil than anywhere else and there the need for sweet reasonableness is particularly clamant.

Till about the end of the 19th century, the Westerner especially the Briton, was accustomed to undisputed sway over the other peoples of the earth and exercise dominion not altogether unselfishly perhaps, but on the whole beneficially introducing law and order and above all education, leading inevitably to democratic ideals.

When I just went to India in 1902 there were already the rumblings of a great change ; but the dominant note of even the most revolutionary speakers was one of petition. The Rulers 'should do this or that for the ruled'. The present generation can hardly realise the rapidity with which the old attitude has been transformed.

Well, I am not writing a political treatise — and so without expounding intermediate steps, I jump to what to me an old man, who has been privileged to watch the turmoil, as an onlooker merely, seems the great danger of the situation. It is in one word, Misunderstanding, easily developing into the fever of mutual hatred and ill-will.

The case for Swaraj is unanswerable. Negatively no people is good enough to govern another. Positively no people can give their best contribution to the world save in an atmosphere of free self-development. But we are hampered. Briton and Indian alike — by our pasts. We here suffer from a superiority complex, which commonly takes the form of a belief that because a thing is British, therefore, it is the best ; but for us and but for others, had they the sense to admit it — and the condemnation of things we do not understand. But you in India suffer from a far more dangerous inferiority complex. This comes out in the distrust and suspicion and fear with which far too frequently you treat each other. Religion against religion, caste against caste, district against district ; even within the family intrigue and cunning, O, within the society with a common aim struggle for personal prestige and influence. But it is in the political sphere I am concerned with now. Perhaps it is inevitable, but none the less, it is sad and we all lose by it, that in the struggle for self-government every Englishman should be regarded by you as hostile. If he expresses sympathy it is merely a cunning method of humbugging you. If he tries to tackle the problems and points out dangers and difficulties, he is merely bent on rivetting the chains tighter.

I wish I could convince the Indian politician that he is making a huge mistake — there are of course die-hards here who don't believe at all in democracy and regret every step that has been taken in the direction of self-government in India.

But, if your people could only believe it, the great mass of English opinion is genuinely in favour of an India free to develop its individuality according to its own ideals and by its own genius. We are bewildered and non-plussed when what we intend as friendly attempts to tackle the problem are met by outcries of 'Imperialism'.

Well, well — I suppose it is our *Karma* — and we may hope that out of the mud and heat, God Almighty is working His purpose.

To you, my very best wishes.

Yours Sincerely,
Sd/- Arthur Davis."

Advice to concentrate on the profession

The Rt. Hon'ble V. S. Srinivasa Sastri was a great friend of our family. I kept him informed of the decisions in my life. Under date 25 May 1927, he wrote from Lucknow, thus in reply to my letter of congratulation to him on his appointment as Agent-General at Durban :

"My dear Ramabhadran,

Thanks for your letter.

You are right to think of the apprenticeship. I would like you to concentrate on it. That Geneva thing is a will of the wisp."

Later in the letter he refers to the influence of Gandhiji so far as his selection as the Agent-General to S. Africa was concerned :—

> "When I wrote the stuff to the *Hindustan Review* I scarcely thought of myself for the job. Gandhiji's power is indeed great that a suggestion of his which I then thought would be laughed to scorn, should have realized itself and victimized me. But I won't quarrel with him. He has since been so nice to me and written in his paper to make my way smooth.
>
> With good wishes for your success.
>
> Yours affly,
> (Sd.) V. S. Srinivasan."

CHAPTER II

1928-29–1958 — FULFILMENT

Eight years as Advocate

On 28th November 1928 I was enrolled before the first bench presided over by Chief Justice V. M. Coutts-Trotter. I had invited fifteen of my selected friends for an 'At Home' at the New Komala Vilas. As chance would have it the learned Chief Justice, often in irritable moods, when he read the two testimonials of Sir C. P. Ramaswamy Aiyar and Mr. T. R. Venkatarama Sastriar shoved aside both of them, as they were "vague in point of time"! Both of them long known to our family had noted that they knew me "for a long time." I had two problems (1) one to meet my friends in the evening at-home (2) another to sign a Vakalatnama in a Civil Miscellaneous Appeal from Cuddalore, which I had kept to *mark the day*.

So, I rushed to both the testimonial-givers and described my plight. One never outwitted wrote that he knew me for "seven years, seven months and seven days!" The other added that he knew me well for "five years and five months!" I explained to Mr. A. J. Happel, I.C.S., the Registrar, who got the papers ready again in the *afternoon*. The Chief Justice in a better mood: "Yes, they are in order". It was an accident that my enrolment signature was among the High Court records exhibited during its centenary in 1962.

The life of an advocate who has no capacity to wait is just like the land solely dependent upon rain from above. Entering late in my life, I had one good start, feeders at Madura, Tinnevelly, Cuddalore and Salem. In all these places I had relatives who had well established themselves in the jealous profession.

Half of my work was regarding temples; the other half concentrated itself in the appellate side of the High Court. The vagary in the profession could be judged by the following figures: my professional income from 1928-36 was 15,200/- i.e., an average of Rs. 1,900/- per annum. Income from other sources was Rs. 1,350/-. The household budget could not be balanced.

I record with deep thanks that one month I had to sell a precious gold pendant of my wife for Rs. 300/-. This could not have got the money if the gold had been *"Morarjee gold"*, viz., 14 ct. gold.

So I had an eye on my *specialisation* in International Law. I was the first to take the M.L. degree in International Law (1934). Till 1936 it yielded a few dividends in the form of University Lectures on *The League of Nations Covenant* in 1934. Among the distinguished seniors who had helped me in this path of recognition of merit, I can never forget Sir C. P. Ramaswamy Aiyar, Sir Alladi Krishnaswamy Aiyar, Sir V. T. Krishnamachariar, Dewan Bahadur S. Aravamuda Iyengar of Hyderabad, Sri T. M. Krishnaswamy Aiyar and K. Rajah Iyer. Under the auspices of the Madras Bar Council three lectures on *Prize Law and Procedure* were delivered in February 1935 and two lectures were delivered on the *Law of International Waterways* in December 1935.

Life as an Academic Lawyer

So, when I was selected after interview to the Readership in Law of the Allahabad University on the grade Rs. 350-800 in August 1936 I had a choice to make. I consulted two well-wishers, Sir M. Venkatasubba Rao and Sir P. S. Sivaswamy Aiyar. The former advised me thus : "Why are you going for a job on Rs. 350-800 ; with seventy-five briefs on hand, you may become here one day a judge". I replied respectfully : "It is a 'may' presumption ; I may become a judge or I may not." The latter in the position of my grandfather-in-law, tritely pointed out : "You should not have gone for the interview if you had in mind not accepting the post." It almost retaught me the method, "*Think and then act*."

Thus after appearing as Junior Counsel under Sir C. P. Ramaswamy Iyer for the State of Travancore in the Periyar Arbitration, I left for Allahabad on 27th August 1936.

A group of seventeen select friends including K. V. Seshaiengar, K. S. Venkataramani, P. N. Appuswamy, L. A. Gopalakrishnan and K. Chandrasekaran gave me a token of affection in the form of a table clock.

Experience in T.U.C.S.

Vicinity to a branch of the Triplicane Urban Co-operative Stores pulled me to take an interest in it. Slowly I became the President of the Local Panchayat and when I left Madras in 1936, I was legal adviser-Director. Prior to it I had acted as Chairman of the General Body meetings for many years. The business of managing a general body for five hours taught me patience, courtesy and a sense of fairplay. It fell to my lot to recommend purchase for the Society a nice premises for pressing oil in Royapettah for a small sum of Rs. 15,000/- or so. The property is now worth ten times that value.

Interest in Scouting

Trained in 1924 as a Scoutmaster, I ran a Rover Troop — the Shivaji Rovers — at Villupuram. This took part in long trekking and service during the annual Lighting Festival at Thiruvannamalai. I got first elected to the Madras District Scout Council and through that to the Provincial Council.

Since I left Madras in 1936, I have been conducting myself as a lone Rover paddling through life. One of the works *read* twice by me is *Rovering to Success* by Baden Powell.

It is this zest in life through service that urges an individual to paddle the canoe of life with smile on his lips.

It is true that the first poetry in the world was born out of suffering even as a child is born out of mother's travail. Should one for that carry pessimism everywhere ? How can one carry one's load in *mere tears ? Service to Society is basically worship of God.*

Nineteen years at Allahabad

I reached the top as Reader in 1955. These nineteen years were marked by increasing recognition and invitations to Baroda, Cuttack, Hyderabad and Travancore to deliver special lectures. In December 1940, I delivered the Sayaji Rao Gaekwar Golden Jubilee Memorial Lectures on *Paramountcy and State-Subjects* at Baroda under the Presidentship of Sir V. T. Krishnamachariar, the Dewan.

Tranquillity of a Retreat

Away from the dust and din of Courts I could collect my thoughts in the tranquillity of the great University of Allahabad. Its motto is "*Quot Rami Tot Arbores.*" Thus the following works were published between 1936 and 1955.

1. *International Law*: (1937); the first book by an Indian.
2. *Indian States and Responsible Government*: (1939).
3. *Indian States*: (1942).
4. *Treaties, Engagements & Sanads*: (1942).
5. *Lectures on Jurisprudence*: (1942) A joint work.
6. *Studies in International Law*: (1952).

(*Vide* Appendices I and II).

Letters from near relatives

As indicated earlier, we two brothers had the example of success in the profession of two uncles.

The first is a letter from the eldest uncle, Mr. K. R. Guruswami Aiyar from 'Palm Lodge,' Mylapore, under date 11 October 1917.

> My dear Ponnambi,
>
> I am very glad to be told by you that you have got the Government Scholarship also. You have the best incentive to do well in your studies and examinations.
>
> I have not forgotten my promise to pay for some books for you. I shall soon give you some money.
>
> Take special care of your health and study systematically and not by fits and starts. Write oftener to me. Form steady, sturdy character and quite correct habits.
>
> Yours affectionately,
> Sd/- K. R. Guruswamy Aiyar.

When I was in a frustrated atmosphere in June 1927 with the first child to be born, of course after a good deal of prayer and pilgrimage to Rameswaram, the most helpful letter was from my father-in-law.

10th June 1927.
Cuddalore, N.T.

My dear Ramabhadran,

Your letter reached me duly this forenoon. I am glad to note that you are on the proper road for success; that you will work up for the October examination. In this world failure in a venture is the commonest of occurrences. A wise man utilises failure to achieve success and to that end proposes a fresh plan of action after mature deliberation; he faces facts boldly with the eye of a critic and prepares for the goal accordingly. An examination is a race, similar to that of a hare and a tortoise. A failure should not be misconstrued into incapacity, as hasty people do. Steady application will crown one with success. It is to your credit that you have already taken the necessary step for study. One like you should not have given room for a free play to emotions and then burst into sentimentalities, as is evident in a portion of your letter. Brace up and work.

I do not know if Ambasamudram is a proper place for study. You had better choose a better place for the purpose, where one can work steadily and quietly and without distraction of any kind. I think Madras to be a proper place for the purpose since facilities exist there which cannot be had anywhere else. I shall do the needful to you for the purpose. You are as dear to me as Ch. Ram is. Do not feel shy and stand on formalities.

Yours sincerely,
(Sd.) P. Rajagopal.

In those bleaky days this assurance from my father-in-law was the only silver lining in the cloud. I took his hint and started to Madras a fortnight earlier for the October 1927 Law Examination. He truly treated me as his son. I stayed at Madras with my roommate and classmate, the unobtrusive L. A. Gopalakrishnier, Advocate.

The third letter from another uncle, Sri K. R. Venkatarama Aiyar, the leading Advocate of Madura, was dated 4th April 1938. This, as will be clear from the letter, was after recognition of my work and worth at Allahabad.

Madura,
4-4-1938.

My dear Ponnambi,

Your letters have always gladdened me. You know I disapproved of your idea of applying for the post of H.R.E. Board Commissioner. You are now in your proper element and the recognition already achieved by you is notable. I rejoice to contemplate the future that is in store for you though the European tour that you contemplate will have to be deferred till the situation — International and National — begins to shape better.

Sir C.P.'s term now stands extended in Travancore and you will do well to avail yourself of his standing invitation.

Yours very affectionately,
Sd/- K. R. Venkatarama Aiyar.

A few problems answered

Man is essentially an ethical animal. When he grows, he has to face problems; he cannot run away from them. One such problem is should one accept a brief which is tainted? The Indian Evidence Act has answered it pragmatically "Defending a man known to be guilty" is not an offence.

And so, let us examine a few hurdles that have to be crossed.

(*Vide* Appendix I)

Tilting towards Mysticism

Triveni has always its unseen charms. It is a very sacred place for Hindus. I was gently floating over life till 1942 when my dear mother passed away. I was down with para-typhoid for forty days. It was after August 1942 when even postboxes were uprooted by irresponsible ruffians. All my friends in the medical profession were concerned about me one night when the temperature rose to 104°. One doctor was applying ice to the head and hot water to the legs. My wife naturally was very much upset and prayed to Lord Venkatachalapathi. I had ecstatic inner delight in chanting rather loudly my *Ishta Devata*, Sri Ram's name. Next morning when the temperature had slightly fallen, lo! I met my mother. "How did you suddenly come?"

Mother: "Your father appeared in a morning dream and ordered me 'not to waste time by your sister and hurry up to the side of your good son at Prayag'."

In 1941 my father had passed away, all alone at Trivandrum, doing some experiments in fateful alchemy.

When my mother saw me in bed, she was visibly moved. As fate would have it, she got fever that very day. After two days her condition became critical. So during *Krithika Purnima* on Friday morning, we noted her impending end. Lifting her from the bed I put her head over my thigh, loudly chanted the Lord's name into her right ear and she gently passed away.

Till then I did not know *what was death*. When I set the sacred fire to her body on the banks of the Ganga, I remembered the lives of Sankara and Pattinathu Swami.

I could not walk two steps regularly the prior day. I mustered sufficient strength to walk barefooted from George Town to Daraganj.

All the ceremonies were duly performed and I rapidly recovered. It was again another case of Baber and Humayun, of course in a humble setting.

On my mother

Born in a good family of undaunted worth and ancient faith, my mother had four brothers and two sisters. Illiterate though, she had got by rote the important Sanskrit verses and Tamil songs.

There lived in our district a very wise woman called Avadai-Akka; reminding us of Avvaiyar of old and Sister Subbalakshmi among contemporaries, she had reduced to popular verse all the intricate profundities of Vedanta. My mother knew by heart all these rare pieces of churned wisdom.

Her hopes rested on us, two sons. Whatever we have achieved in matters temporal and metaphysical we owe to her blessings.

I have never seen her sick except when she hurried to my bed in 1942. And she laid down her life so that I can survive.

She was the sole member out of seven in her family who passed away on the banks of the Ganga, literally on the thigh of her son, on a glorious Full Moon day doubly sacred to Mahadeva.

Why I joined the Theosophical Society

Though I met a number of times Annie Besant in Madras and attended her funeral in 1933 at Adyar, I had not then any idea of joining the Society. I resided in Allahabad at 13, Lowther Road from 1936-1955. It is near the Bharadwaj Ashram and Ananda Bhavan of Jawaharlalji. Very near in the same row, thanks to the quiet munificence of Pandit Iqbal Narain Gurtu, a nice building called the Besant Memorial Library had risen up. My colleague in the University, Dr. I. K. Taimini persuaded me to become the Librarian. That led to the next, my joining the Society. The esoteric section repelled me and so, the then President, C. Jina-Raja Dasa wrote to me thus :—" You are a lone-wolf. You need not join it." He visited me at my study and presented me his copy of Lawrence's *A Handbood of Public International Law IV*, Ed. 1898, which he had used at the St. John's College, Cambridge. Three persons of the Society have influenced me : Annie Besant, C. Jina-Raja Dasa and N. Sri Ram.

Since my attitude is akin to that of J. Krishnamurthi, I continue in it on the fringe as an *unattached member*.

I had spent many quiet hours in the inspiring presence of Pandit Madan Mohan Malaviya at Prayag.

Of the many mystics I had met in the company of Sri Parabhu Datta Brahmacharjee at Jhusi, Mata Sri Sri Ananda Moyee in eternal bliss and Hari Har Baba, the stern, stand out clear.

At Varanasi which I had visited at least forty times, I had seen at dusk time a huge figure forty feet high. Alone at midnights I had stayed at the Mani Karnika Ghat to get rid of the fear of death (*Vide* also Appendices III and V).

Though many distinguished educationists as Dr. Amaranatha Jha, Dr. Beni Prasad, Dr. S. Tarachand, and Dr. Ṣ. Krishnan, F.R.S., stand before me, I could not forget what I owe to that modern mystic, Prof. R. D. Ranade. He had helped me in my difficulties during strenuous *Pranayam*.

Earlier I had met Maharshi Ramana in 1937. Later I was in his great company for three days in 1945. He *is ever with me* ; as I begin and end the day in his steadfast memory.

My view of Ahimsa

I wrote a letter to Mahatma Gandhi on 12th September, 1937 presenting him a copy of my book on *International Law*. I cited passages therein from Hugo Grotius and Emerich Vattel supporting the view that ultimately might can be used to support right.

A reply dated 18th Sept., 1937 from Wardha came signed by Sri Mahadev Desai, Gandhiji's private secretary :

Dear Friend,

Gandhiji has your kind letter of the 12th instant and also your book on *International Law*. I am to thank you for both.

The quotations you have given from eminent jurists are very good, and though he has no time at the present moment to study your treatise, he hopes to go through it some day.

It is interesting to note that a student of International Law like you should be convinced that *Ahimsa* is the solution to all human problems.

Yes. Gandhiji's own conviction was, as you know derived apart from International Law which he has not studied. It is a fundamental experience with him which is being confirmed everyday.

Yours sincerely,
Sd/- Mahadev Desai.

A historic letter

As a student of Indian and European history, I was struck with one universal proposition that *Ahimsa* had never been a rule of State, nor could it ever be.

So, I formulated for kind reply the following propositions to Mahatma Gandhi :

(*a*) Saints should never enter politics. Saint Ramdas only inspired Shivaji Chatrapathi.
(*b*) "If they enter, they cease to be Saints."
(*c*) "Can non-violence solve all problems ?"
(*d*) "Has there ever been a State ruled by Love alone ?"

From Sevagram, Wardha, under date 11th Nov., 1944 Mahatmaji replied thus :

"Dear Prof. Sastry,

I thank you for your kind letter.

(*a*) My experience does not bear out the truth of your proposition. I do not claim to be a Saint. But I do not regard politics as inconsistent with the strictest moral code. Politics I hold to be a noble art which a good citizen must cultivate. I have not in mind the game that professional politicians play.

(*b*) is answered in (*a*).

(*c*) Only posterity can judge. Obviously I cannot.

(*d*) I am sorry I cannot subscribe to your opinion. Mine is a new experiment. I plead for patience in coming to a judgment.

Yours sincerely,
Sd/- M. K. Gandhi."

My cultural trip abroad

In 1946 I visited London, Oxford, New York, Washington, Harvard and Yale and gave a few lectures there on the lives of Tamil Saints as also on the problem of Indian States. I returned wiser, broadened in my outlook and strengthened in my spiritual path. My reactions have come out as a work, *A Hindu Jurist in the West* (1946).

Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru whom I had met once a week till his demise, Sri C. Jina-Raja Dasa, a cultured personage and Srimathi Vijaya Lakshmi Pandit had assisted me through their letters in my trip abroad. Sir S. Radhakrishnan, F.B.A., and Sri S. Gopal assisted me at Oxford.

Reading between the lines

As only 120 dollars p.m. had been permitted in those times of stringent foreign exchange, I had to utilise my inherited knowledge of Hindu palmistry. Having perfected it through a comparative study of all works of "Cheiro", I could earn 700 dollars on board *s.s. Gripsholm* from Liverpool to New York. It was a problem to conceal them. Thanks to the courtesy of the American customs, I could for once succeed in such a device.

I got a photostat copy of a Sanskrit Ms. on palmistry — Library of Congress Washington, Indian Section (C. 5254) — more than 900 years old of the Pennsylvania Library. This contains a diagram of the hand with all lines, contours, and crosses named in Sanskrit.

I could earn another 500 dollars in U.S.A.

As it is a hidden branch of knowledge lighted by intuition, I am not using it now, since it is an impediment to further spiritual progress.

Temptations while abroad

Life in the States was more free than in England. I had to move with great care while I was a guest at Hartford. Every moment between me and the hostess there was only my conscience to assist me.

Father of four children with my life's partner in India, it was not very difficult to steer clear off the shoals and pitfalls.

Every such moment, I prayed to my Master Maharishi Ramana, who gave me sufficient inner strength.

Once I lost my way completely in drenching rain at Boston. After half an hour of such travail, I prayed to my Master. Lo! after another five minutes a gentleman stopped his car and took me to the Museum of Fine Arts. I narrated this story to my esteemed friend, Dr. Ananda Coomaraswamy.

Swami Nikhilananda's great work

I took care to get a note from the Secretary of the Sri Ramakrishna Mission at Belur to Swami Nikhilananda, head of the Ramakrishna-Vivekananda Centre at New York.

Not only did he introduce me to Dr. Tarakanath Das; through his good offices I could meet an Assistant Secretary of State at his residence over lunch.

Having learnt the Sankara Bhashya at the feet of Sri V. Subrahmanya Aiyar, Registrar, Mysore University, the great Swami is an Acharya in his own right. He has written illuminating commentaries on the *Gita, The Brahma Sutras* and the principal *Upanishads.*

This illustrious Swami who has presented to us also the *Gospel of Sri Ramakrishna* in English has written a great introduction to Sankara's *Atma Bodha.*

He was my host, guide and philosopher at New York.

How I wish that the cultural *attaches* of India abroad have the depth and humility of these trained monks of the Sri Ramakrishna Order !

Experiences as General Secretary in the 1953 Kumbhamela

A Kumbhamela is a great event occurring once in twelve years at Triveni. I had the good fortune to be at Prayag during two Kumbhamelas, in 1941 and 1953. In the first I was a passive observer. In the second a big responsibility devolved on me of being the General Secretary of the Spiritual Commonwealth of Religions. It was a problem to manage the hundreds of Sadhus of all sorts ! My training in the Scout Movement stood me in good stead to tackle every problem tactfully, yet firmly. (*Vide* Appendix VII).

At Jaipur for three years

Invited to Jaipur in 1955, I accepted the post of Principalship of the University Law College. I delivered extension lectures at Bikaner, Jodhpur and Udaipur. Invitations came from Delhi and Chidambaram for special lectures.

Rajasthan is a place of intense daily intrigue. It is a loosely merged State.

After seeing the institution in its new building and improving its library I retired from it in August 1958.

While at Jaipur in the State Hotel, I published another work, *From A Law College Window.*

I published a collection of my morning dreams under *Gathered Flowers* (1956).

CHAPTER III

1958 — DETACHMENT

Before I retired, I accepted a place in the Expert Committee on Legal Terms (Government of India) where I worked for four years.

All those persons who had influenced my life have been presented in thumb-nail sketches, in a short work, *Men I Have Met* (1944) (*vide* Appendix XIII) and the Sages and Saints I have met get the place as Appendix V.

Life in retirement

August has always been a milestone in my humble life. In August 1920 I got my first assignment. In August 1936 I went to Allahabad ; in August 1957, I got the membership in the Committee of Government of India. In August 1958, I retired. Even after retirement I am in touch with events as a Jurist. (*Vide* Appendix IX).

Since retirement, I am *not at all rusting*. In 1961 was published a work on *Hindu Jurisprudence*. In 1962 my lectures on *Tamil Mysticism* came out as a small work on a profound subject.

I am gathering up my old acquaintance with the works of Tamil mystics in the original. As life is short, I am listening to the profound expositions of the Ramayana, Mahabharata, Srimad Bhagavatam and Skandam.

Is not *ear* a sure gateway to the heart ?

Steps in the path

To be born a man, to have yearning for *Moksha* ; and the guidance of a *Mahapurusha* are rare indeed (Sankara). The first is true ; the second is a question of fact ; and the third is sure for me who has put his all on Maharishi Ramana.

Annie Besant assisted me in removing the pride of birth ; Swami Shivananda of Rishikesh has taught me a harmony between *the head, hands and heart.* Prof. R. D. Ranade has assisted me in my arduous journey.

The two Sankaracharyas of Sringeri and Kanchi have evinced deep interest *in this pilgrim.*

So, I bow again to my Master Ramana Maharishi.

I first knew what is death in 1942; I now know that Life has in its essence the Lord. In the very centre of my being on the right side of my heart *It is* when I am asleep. When awake I locate it in *my right eye* (for I am a *Purusha*). I have not yet located it in *Samadhi* at the *Sahasraram.*

There is no hurry to go to Heaven. I am not *rusting*. Someday the Immortal Tenant in my body will have to quit.

Meantime let me be ever *aware* of It, whether I am wakeful, sleeping or in deep meditation. (*Vide* Appendix V).

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APPENDIX I

SUCCESS IN LAW

In ancient India the law agent had to be धर्मज्ञ: (knowing law or Dharma Sastras) and व्यवहारज्ञ: (knowing procedural laws). Till 1864, the Dharmasastris assisted the foreign judges. After the Indian High Courts Act of 1861, these learned expounders were succeeded by Mukhtyars, Pleaders, Vakeels and Advocates.

The lawyer has to earn well; while the average income per year as a lawyer worked to only up to Rs. 2,070, the average annual income as an academic lawyer from 1936-1958 has worked as Rs. 10,231, judged by results my decision to opt to the academic side was sound.

Not merely that; I had academic freedom in that great University of Allahabad. Where Sir M. Hallet as Governor of U.P. wanted to crush the spirit of the students in fateful 1942 through offering police aid, our great Vice-Chancellor Pandit Amaranath Jha declined it. He is reported to have stated "If I do not maintain discipline, I will resign."

To catalogue a number of points as physical stamina, love of the profession for its own sake, possession of common sense, ability to wait, self-possession and an extrovert temperament which will lead to success in law is just like induction *per* simple enumeration. One white crow will vitiate the proposition; I shall like to put foremost ability to wait; in the absence of this sole point, all the rest may not avail one. Above all there is luck — Yajnavalkya equates this as the result of past birth. That is tantalising philosophy. Born with no spoon in his mouth through sheer struggle and hard work Sir Alladi reached the top. Starting in a house with a rental of Rs. 17/- p.m. Sir Tej reached dazzling eminence; starting on a petty Rs. 2/- p.m. Sir T. Muthuswamy Iyer reached the position of the first Indian Chief Justice of Madras.

Hurdles that have to be crossed

It was early morning when after a good cup of aromatic coffee I was reading Grotius' classic on *The Law of Nations.* I had only to turn to the left from my study to watch the Mylapore Temple tower with its fine memories of saints, devotees and sweet melodies.

An old friend in the football field, my counterpart at the extreme left in the forward line, called in. Those were days, thirty-two years ago, when clients or clients' friends were very welcome. My neighbour, Sri K. S. Venkataramani, would not bury himself into the law-reports. I had, unlike him, the grinding necessity to keep the kettle boiling.

The young friend requested me to do the best for his friend, a middle-aged lady, who would be meeting me after a few minutes.

So, the client came with her five-year-old son, who appeared another edition of my football mate !

* * * *

She narrated to me her tale of woe, starvation and neglect by her husband, a high-placed public servant of Ceylon.

Defending a person alleged guilty is not a criminal act. This worldly-wise way of morally satisfying oneself is where the mischief starts till it covers witnessing of situations he could have avoided.

The meaning of the visit of my friend became clear in all its solid manifestations to me. I asked :

" How do you, good woman, instruct me on the way to get maintenance for you and this son, a replica of my mate, from your lawful husband ? "

She looked down abashed and appealed to me : " Vakil-*Aiyah*, our marriage has not yet been severed. My husband is living with another lady. I am here in Mylapore. You know it all — pray, find a way out. I am starving."

* * * *

Pausing for a while, I put her a question : " Do you remember having shared a room together with your husband two hundred and eighty days prior to the birth of this boy ? "

"Yes, Yes . . . Along with my husband we were living together at that period as man and wife."

And that was my trump-card. I fixed with her my fees at Rupees one hundred for proceeding with legal notice and taking further steps. A fiver alone was given to me by her at the spot towards fees and expenses as the first instalment!

Forthwith a registered notice acknowledgement due was sent to the public servant at Colombo giving him fifteen days' time for reply to the claim on behalf of my client for arrears of maintenance at Rs. 75 p.m.

* * * *

Another eventful morning, a visiting card announced to me the arrival of the public servant from Colombo. We had a general talk on Ceylon, India, and mutual welfare. A cup of fragrant coffee was passed on to him.

He put a straight question to me:

"I have made some enquiries regarding you and your interest in Scout movement. If you here and now tell me after seeing the boy that he is born to me and not to your friend, then I shall pay to you not Rupees two thousand you have demanded but double that sum."

I replied coolly: "I, her lawyer, know nothing about it. You know it, she knows it, and certainly God knows it."

I paused for a while and asked him: "Why did you share the room together with such a woman?"

"Ah that was my lack of wisdom — and weakness," he replied.

"Then my friend," I replied, "you have to pay the penalty for it by way of damages."

* * * *

The balance of arrears of maintenance reached me in a lump sum.

The client paid me double the stipulated fees.

Yet, even then, the case gave me *mental worry*. Who can help one in such situations better than one's partner?

In her calculated wisdom, she advised me to perform an *abhisheka* of Karpakambal, her favourite deity. It was done.

The case cast a long shadow. To get on in the profession, many a hurdle like this has to be crossed with satisfaction to one's true self. Here I exploited a presumption in the Indian Evidence Act.

The scholarly urge in me got further strengthened and I had jumped away to a cool retreat from the life of hapless hurry, clever tactics, and questionable ethics.

APPENDIX II

FORTY-FOUR YEARS AS A FREE LANCE

Opening my subject-index file, I find two entries of my very first contribution dated August 1919.

> (*a*) *The Professor and the Student* (The Educational Review, Madras) ; and (*b*) *Women in Hindu Society* (The Hindustan Review, Allahabad).

The former was written just after my graduation in Honours ; the latter when I had known only the lady I had wedded in 1918 ! The first had inexperience at the base ; the second was at best a crude generalization. What have been the experiences worth recording ? What are the changes in style and matter ? Is it worth continuing ? Or can it at all be stopped ?

When I had to wait for getting my first job, I could not rust. Nineteen articles were published before I was posted as a Deputy Inspector of Schools. Then I had the warning from a first cousin not to write on political matters, though the advisor himself burnt his fingers at Mangalore when he played the host to Mrs. Sarojini Naidu. Yet I was such an irrepressible writer that between 1920 and 1925 when I joined the Law College I had written a hundred and five articles on educational and social topics. The then Educational Minister vetoed my posting as Asst. Lecturer to Government College, Anantapur on the ground of my birth though he himself had written a nice foreword to my book, *From a Rural School-Window.*

From a Law College Window

So this acted as a blessing in disguise just as the Chinese aggressions have united us all to a stern resolve ; and I deliberately joined the Law College, Madras, which does not face any cardinal point in the compass yet, which permits one to enter through the back door the High Court. It is grim truth that since 1925 I have been facing life as a lawyer, law-professor and lately as a legal philosopher.

Till enrolment in 1928, I had written 76 articles. Having had a fascination for the noble profession of a teacher, I got a chance in the open field in 1936 to join the Law Department at the Allahabad University as a Reader. Working there for nineteen years, I was invited to the Principalship of the University Law College at Jaipur which I served till 15th August 1958. While at the bar in Madras I had contributed 110 articles and published four booklets on Indian economics and rural education.

Academic freedom

The twenty-two years as an academic lawyer are marked by ten books on *International Law*, *Indian States* and *Jurisprudence* and 340 articles on topics legal, philosophical, literary and mystical.

Though legally I retired in 1958, the four years till 1963 have been marked by the publication of two books and eighty contributions.

Changes in style

In 1963 I find what I wrote forty-four years ago as huddling of crude stones with loose cementing! Till 1942 when I had seen what it was to lose our dearest relative, mother, I had just floated over life. I began to understand what was death and through that life. I could now and then try to enter the little known frontiers of life after death too. Occasionally I tried prose-poetry when charged with power after morning dreams.

Some of these are the very best according to me — of my writings ; a few American friends unknown to me have held that view too.

So, after 1942 I began to tread the penumbra of life. I had watched the march of the ants gently and written on the jurisprudence of the ants too. I have loved the busy bee for the gathered honey is for others. I have tamed the squirrel and of course the dog and learnt of the innocence of the former and unparallelled gratitude of the latter.

Writing as a discipline

Writing requires boundless leisure, undoubtedly maketh a man exact, and is *per se* a discipline. Even in my dreams when I was for a while in the land of the pure, I had missed my pen and paper. The joy to read oneself in print is to be felt to appreciate John Morley; when what is written is precise, terse and logical one is nearer C. R. than ever before.

Influence of others

If I am asked who all have influenced me, my answer is ever ready. I owe to Father P. Carty, my professor in Economics and Politics, the love of terseness; it was Annie Besant who gave me publicity in the *New India* when I badly needed it; I owe a deep indebtedness to a modern mystic, Prof. R. D. Ranade for tilting me towards mysticism. I can never repay what I owe to Maharishi Ramana for he is *ever present before me* at all levels.

Never write unless urged

We all know what is just in our society and in this world. This urge of what I consider just and proper, I had tried to put down in black and white. I have read what the best minds have said on a topic. Then I have thought over it. Then only am I now writing. Certainly this was not done till 1942, the watershed in my life.

Though Pandit Nehru like Annie Besant has influenced me in breaking the crusts of superstition, I owe very much to the great sage and statesman, C. R. If you are an intellectual, and few belong to that class, you cannot but be influenced by his writings. Though I have felt the vicinity of Gandhiji at Allahabad, I have understood him deeper only after silently reading the three lectures on him by C. R. at Poona.

With more summers I feel like going through long spells of silence but as Vivekananda, the model of my moods, has stated the grand truth; "Do Not Rust"; and so I go on writing for I can't but—.

APPENDIX III

LONG LONELY WALKS

Walking with one another, preferably walking alone has had a gripping effect on me. I could play tennis of strength till my sixtieth year only. Time was when I walked at four miles an hour. In these long lonely walks with one's walking stick I have observed the ant, the bee, and the squirrel. The jurisprudence of the ants, the industry of the bee, the innocence of the grey squirrel and the gratitude of man's great friend, the dog : these have appealed to me so much that I *can extend the interval between two thoughts.*

APPENDIX IV

HOW I BECAME A ROTARIAN

I had a morning dream in 1942 that I would be going abroad in 1946. This I communicated to my philosopher-friend, Dr. S. Radhakrishnan, then Vice-Chancellor at the Hindu University, Benares. And so it came to pass. On *s.s. Otranto* I left Bombay for Southampton on 14th April. Staying at the Piccadilly Hotel with my friend Dr. C. J. Colombos I spent in the lounge reading the lines across the left hand of a French lady.

At mid-night I had a call on the phone in my room at the sixth floor. Father of four children, I left the receiver down gently saying, "a gentleman all alone does not receive a lady at mid-night." Being my first trip across the seas abroad I wrote a stiff complaint to the Manager, Piccadilly Hotel. He sent a nice reply which I still preserve, "I sympathise with you. We cannot prevent any one phoning to her friend at any time."

Slightly *rounded,* I boarded that nice boat *m.s. Gripsholm* at Liverpool on 17th May, 1946. The American Professor of Jurisprudence at Oxford had given me a letter to Dean Landis at Harvard Law School.

Reaching New York on 27th May, after the sumptuous hospitality of the Swedish ladies in the boat, a Mexican doctor released from Germany, followed me in the cab. I learnt later that an Indian with a silk turban had a better chance with hotels in New York. And so it happened ; we got room in a very simple hotel, Midway in 100 St. W., and that a corner room ; we shared the room lying facing opposite in cot. What else could I do with only $ 120 p.m. allowed by stringent foreign exchange ? Gently without disturbing me, the dusky Mexican had left me alone, of course after putting in a cover $ 2 in currency.

Unlike England, I could earn while in the United States. I wrote a few sketches while at Hartford and at a camp in Pumpkin Hollow, Craryville, I could use my inherited and acquired knowledge of palmistry.

And so, I could stay at the Harvard Club, Boston, at Washington and New York visiting the colleges of diplomacy, law, and public administration. This was later to prove very valuable for starting a course of diplomacy at the University of Allahabad, the home-town of Nehru.

Wherever I went I had very warm hospitality. When I walked across the Central Park in New York, a gentle lady stopped, saluted me and asked " when are you going to talk on *Vedanta* ? " — " Not yet " was my humble reply.

When I stayed at the Ramakrishna-Vivekananda Centre in New York — 94 St., 17 East N.Y., I could witness one talk by Swami Nikhilananda on 2nd June earning 700 dollars. My *poor* land could only bow at his feet.

Again another American friend played the host to me for a fortnight in July, placing the car at my disposal and driving me to Santi Ashram, R. F. D. Unionville, Connecticut, I felt I stayed in the Ashram of Maharishi Ramana, a Master-Mind.

Another American couple from Florida came all the way four hundred miles to see me off with a nice American pocket edition of the *Bhagavad Gita* by Isherwood and Prabhavananda.

While at Washington, an Indian domiciled in the United States since the Komagatumaru incident lent me $ 200 to be paid to his cousin at Nagpur in Indian rupees.

The more such friends assisted me, the more I felt the need of dollars.

Once I slept all hungry at Hotel Midway and called at Thomas Cook & Son, 587, V Avenue, N.Y., to check up my passage back home.

There I met a Rotarian friend from India. He made welcome enquiries regarding my comforts. I gently told him that " mentally I felt elevated to be in the land which had honoured Swami Vivekananda. " What about the body ? " " Well, my friend, five Americans have assisted me all-round, at the bodily, mental, and spiritual levels." He looked into me and gave me twenty-five dollars and when pressed he gave me his address at Bangalore and I read in that visiting card ' a visiting Rotarian '. The name was also in small characters found pinned over his coat.

I returned to my motherland with the passport of a " British protected person " reaching Allahabad on 31st August.

Then the great American people shared their food with famine-stricken India. A member of the Rotary Club founded in U.S.A. had given me most voluntarily the much needed dollars. I always had an uncanny feeling when in trouble, that the American would *first* help us. And so it happened in November 1962 when Chinese aggression found us unprepared.

One of the first things that I did at Jaipur was to become a Rotarian. If ever there are any two democracies which need never fight, they are U.S.A. and India.

A monk with no credentials was helped in Boston and Chicago. Many talented and plucky Indians have been discovered by America. When in dire despair, an American, Holford Knight, took the historic letter from a retired Indian Judge of Madras High Court to President Woodrow Wilson, out to make the world safe for democracy. Again at Yalta, President Roosevelt, who stressed five freedoms, lent his stout support for India's self-government. Tens of thousands of Indians have been given fellowship, scholarship or recognition by U.S.A. When in dire need of dollars, a friend trained under the Rotary to put service above self, sweetly and involuntarily slipped the cheque into my pocket in fifth Avenue. And so I joined the Rotary at Jaipur.

APPENDIX V

SAGES AND SAINTS I HAVE MET

To ever meet a sage or saint is itself the result of our evolution. When the late Sri B. V. Narasimhaswamy took his mate, Sir C. Madhavan Nair — now a retired judge of H.M.'s Privy Council — to Maharishi Ramana, the latter did not get even a " headache ". When the wife of the District Revenue Commissioner wished to have a little talk with the incredible Sai Baba, the absence of heartfelt devotion could not bring about their meeting!

So, the great ones are in and round us. Only those on the path could meet them in flesh and blood or at other planes, subconscious and otherwise.

As many friends have put me the question I shall in deep humility note herein my impressions of the sages, saints, and mystics I had met.

Till I reached the age of 34, I had just run through the routine life of a middle class Hindu with the strong foot on the legal profession. No doubt, the Scout movement had knocked out the pride of caste in me; to like effect was the influence of Annie Besant on me.

The great personage whom I could not under-rate was the Sri Sankaracharya of Kama Koti Pitam. I had an unique opportunity to be near him for forty days in Mylapore. His approach to life was that of a ceremonial mystic. The contacts shook my external observances. I was getting absorbed in his Puja. I was struck by his concern to the ills of hundreds of visitors. Very often his figure appeared in my dreams too!

When I had to switch off to the career of an academic lawyer at Prayag, I could meet at leisure the vigorous spiritual personage, Sri Prabhu Datta Brahmachari at Jhusi. His life was a sermon on a combination of external purity and intense devotion. He became very dear to me.

More than the Brahmachari's great life of ecstatic devotion was the sanctity of his Ashram where I could meet Harihar Baba, the stern ascetic and Mata Sri Sri Ananda Moyee, the greatest dynamo of power that I had come across.

Harihar Baba was stern and austere. He reminded me of the sage Durvasa. So I could see him only from a very respectable distance. Either he sat in steadfast faith or he indulged in austere discipline.

Not so, is Mataji Ananda Moyee ; I was persuaded to go to Varanasi and Vindhyachal to just sit before her beaming presence. She is ever in that sheath of Ananda that you are deeply affected by the aura in and round her. She is a moving Goddess of innocence and bliss. All our cares fly away before her. She attracts a few thousands wherever she goes. Retired civilians like my friend Sri Panna Lal, I.C.S., many bright French followers and thousands of ladies are attracted to her. She has that characteristic touch of the Kali, — but of the pleasing manifestation not at all of the Goddess with a garland of skulls and outstretched ruddy lips. How Bhagavan Ramakrishna Paramahamsa could talk with such a manifestation at Dakshineswar is at once a tribute to his daring and austerity. I owe to Swami Shivananda of Rishikesh the rounding of a harmony between head, heart and hands. I can never repay my indebtedness to Prof. R. D. Ranade, a modern mystic, who took a watchful interest through my journey in deep breath and spells of austere discipline.

I come last to one with whom I had lived for a week in two meets and who is still very much alive to me. This sage of Arunagiri, Maharishi Ramana, stilled all my debts. My morning begins with his memory, as I go to sleep with that neverending quest over the Self within the right side of my heart. I feel the strength of a lion when I take refuge in him. I get the deep love of the ant and the bee when his all-merciful figure is before me tending Lakshmi, the Ashram cow, or feeding the squirrel or the monkey. When my pet dog, a sweet silky Sydney, looks into me, I get the memory of my Master's love of the dog too. My Master has saved me from many a slippery situation in London, New York, Boston and Craryville, N.Y. state. It appears as if the wandering pilgrim after many years of trial and travail, has got his anchor to which he can moor his storm-tossed boat.

One another, the present incumbent of the Sringeri Mutt, has taken an unusually deep interest in my journey. One need not close his eyes for concentration. If the pilgrim keeps his right eye (for a male) steadfast towards Infinity, as Maharishi Ramana taught us, it is equally effective. The *attitude within*, is what matters.

I cannot fail to note here that the talks of J. Krishnamurthy appeal to me most. As that great modern Socrates thinks as if on the edge of a volcano, I feel as blissful as when I am absorbed in meditation. In his "choiceless Awareness" I hear the distant echo of the Upanishadic sages.

And so, I have felt at St. Paul's and Chishti's in Ajmer as before the *Samadhi* of Pattinathu Swami.

When one is floating gently treading Mother Earth very lightly, where is the place for name, and form? As all human beings including animals and inanimate realms have evolved out of one Uncaused Cause, let me not prattle any more on fate and freewill. What does it matter if one rests on the Residuum in us all? As no thought goes in vain, let the human being do his duty till the last breath in Lord's name. Many pilgrims wend their way up the sacred hill of Arunachala, very few have gone up through a tough-up-hill track seeing an unusually big peepul tree where still lives an Adept; more are working their way through ceaseless toil; yet many more are on the ascent through a meandering track. Of the first group none is visible, the track of the second is there, and the path of the last group is more visible. And those who could not ascend take the seven-mile long circumambulation either on foot or on a vehicle. These different paths seemingly appear to cut across one another; but I am convinced that they all lead to one destination.

With more summers one thing is becoming increasingly clear that the earnest pilgrim on the path gets a proper guidance to proceed deep into his very Self.

APPENDIX VI

VISCOUNT GREY'S MEMORANDUM ON THE TAMING OF SQUIRRELS

"The native British squirrel is the red squirrel. It is naturally very shy in a wild state. If taken away from the nest, it can be made very tame but I have never done that as it is then separated from its natural conditions and I am told does not live very long.

The wild squirrels at Fallodon used to go on to the sill of window on the ground floor of the house for nuts. The window was then opened and nuts were always placed inside the room. They then got into the habit of coming into the room for nuts and would do so when I was sitting at my writing table. I put a few nuts on the floor close to my chair. The squirrels got the habit of taking the nuts while I was sitting in my chair. Then when a squirrel had taken a nut and gone away to eat or bury it, I would before he returned, place the back of my hand flat on the floor with the nuts in the palm of my hand. When the squirrel returned it was necessary to keep very still. He would at first be surprised at seeing a hand and would examine it very cautiously, sometimes testing the types of the fingers with his teeth very gently to see what the strange object was. At last he would find there were nuts on the hand and take one and go off with it and keep returning for more nuts. When the squirrel was quite used to this, I would raise the hand a few inches from the ground. He would then put his forepaws on the hand and reach up to take a nut out of the hand. When he was quite used to this I would when he reached up to my hand raise the hand higher very gently and slowly. He would then pull up his hind legs from the floor and sit on the hand.

Some squirrels used to come up on to my knee. There were always nuts placed on the writing-table and they would feed out of my hand on the writing table and there were always some that would sit on my hand confidently as long as I remained sitting but they never became sufficiently tame to let me caress them with my hand and if I got up to walk about the room they would go out of the window though they would very soon return.

The grey squirrel was introduced into England sometime ago. It is common to the parks in London. It is of a more tame disposition than the wild red squirrel and will eat with confidence out of the hands of the people. It becomes very used to people from seeing so many always walking about in the Parks."

(Sd.) Grey of Fallodon.
29-11-1923.

APPENDIX VII

SYMBOLISMS OF SEVEN, FIVE AND THREE

That which is beyond words can be represented only through Symbols. More illuminating is this view of A. R. Osborne, "Symbolism is not an invention of any religion or teacher but a recognition of correspondences that do in fact exist between the physical universe and the spiritual Reality".

Support for this view can be sought from the Hindu adage :— "As in *Anda* so in *Pinda*". This is repeated in the Hermitic dictum "as above, so below". Similar sayings are to be found in the Bible and the Quran.

The ancient School of South Indian Adepts called Siddhas — traditionally eighteen — expressed in their songs in a "veiled manner" their mystic experiences. Their words had a significance in the realms of medicine, alchemy, and mysticism !

Quest of Humanity

How to control the individual limited mind and *dissolve* it in the universal unlimited Cosmic SELF, has been the never-ending Quest of Man. The whole universe becomes united only when we suppose that there is the same subtle essence underlying both the worlds of Nature and the world of MIND.

Symbolism of Seven

Seven — a very symbolic number in the mystic steps — stages are set for the pilgrim or traveller (*Salik*) : (1) Repentance, (2) Abstinence, (3) Renunciation, (4) Poverty, (5) Patience (6) Trust in God, (7) Satisfaction.

Sufi mystics mention the following seven stages (*maqamat*) along the path (*tariqat*) to the goal of the union with REALITY (*fana-fil-haqui*) (1) Quest, (2) Love, (3) Knowledge, (4) Detachment, (5) Unity, (6) Amazement and (7) Annihilation.

Symbolism of Colours

There are the seven colours in a rainbow, as there are seven mystical sounds :—(1) those of a river, (2) those of a bell, (3) those of a brazen vessel, (4) those of a wheel, (5) those of the croaking of frogs, (6) the pattering of rain and (7) a voice from a place of seclusion.

Symbolism of Five

When I stepped into Kathmandu during Dasara 1962 (called *Dashain* in Nepalee) it was all a symbolism of *five*. Sri Pasupathinath, has five faces and the exquisitely carved wooden tiaras above contain 25 Tathwas (5×5). There are five limpid streams flowing through the hoary Hindu Himalayan bowl of Kathmandu — Icchamathi, Manomathi, Bhagyamathi, Rudramathi and Vishnumathi — Lo ! in our Father Himalayas there are five famous Naths : Badrinath, Kedarnath, Pasupathinath, Muktinath, and Amarnath.

Symbolism of Three

In the old pages of the *Theosophist*, there is an esoteric controversy between the Symbolism of Seven (argued by H. S. L. Olcott) and Three (sustained by the Sage T. Subba Rao). It was the deep conviction of the latter that one can reach God, the *Thrigunatita* after passing through three steps.

And so to the Symbolism of the glorious *Triune Manifestation* of Brahma, Vishnu and Rudra. To the Super-mind, through Word, Idea and Mind. At the ancient Palace at Bhaktapur, six miles east of Kathmandu, I worshipped the three exquisite images of Adi-Kanya, Adi-Varahi, and Adi-Vaishnavi.

Reabsorbing oneself to the Self, from which one arose, is thus stated symbolically by Jesus Christ, Sai Baba and Maharishi Ramana :—

Jesus Christ : "A man must return to his mother's womb."
Sai Baba : "Take the wild horse back to the place whence it had come."
Maharishi Ramana : "Go back the way you came."

We are both "spectators and actors in the great drama of Existence" (Niels Bohr).

Why Symbolism is the only mode of representing the inexpressible can be ended with the enthralling picture of the *centre of religious awareness in us* all painted by Albert Einstein :—

"To know that what is impenetrable to us really exists, manifesting itself as the highest wisdom and the most radiant beauty, which our dull faculties can comprehend only in their most primitive forms — this knowledge, this feeling, is at the centre of true religiousness."

2 pages

APPENDIX VIII

BOOKS THAT HAVE GRIPPED MY ATTENTION

If I am asked "What books have gripped your attention?" my answer is very clear. After 1958 I am not reading many books for I am bent upon more and more observation, *meditation*, and hearing profound exponents of our heritage as Brahmasri Anantharama Dikshitar with his sonorous diction, Sivarama Sastriar of Thiruvaiyar profound in presentation and Sri Kripananda Variar with ecstatic devotion. Time was when I had never missed Mangudi Chidambara Bhagavathar's expositions especially that on "Prahlada".

If I leave out all those books in history, economics, politics and law which I had to read, what remain are books which have profoundly influenced me. One such first book was Gilbert White's *Natural History of Selborne*. I have read it only thrice. One other book on *Gospel of Sri Ramakrishna Paramahamsa* translated by my esteemed friend Swami Nikhilananda, I read sitting under a tree very slowly for six months. It has been heavily underlined. *Rambles on Vedanta* by B. R. Rajam Iyer has deeply affected me. Of course I have read the *Bhagavad Gita*, a number of times though at an earlier period I was able to repeat all the 18 chapters by heart. Among books in Tamil, my mother tongue, I have read a number of times the poems of Saint Thayumanavar. Thirteen principal Upanishads have gripped my attention too. The assassination of Mahatma Gandhi deeply moved me and I have studied all the works published in English of Gandhiji. Whatever has appeared from C. R. in the *Kalki* as e.g., on *Chakravarthi Thirumagan*, *Vyasar Virundhu*, on Thirumular and on Nammalvar has been studied with care. I had never read novels outside those prescribed for me for study; yet my friend R. Krishnamurthi's works on "*Sivakamiyin Sapatham*" and "*Parthiban Kanavu*" had to be read owing to the persistence of my partner. On January 3, 1949 when he was the last Governor-General of India Sri C. Rajagopalachariar presented me with a copy of the *Kural*, Books I & II translated into English with his notes. His translation is terse and his notes are profound. One sage, Kapila comes to my fond memory whenever I meet or hear him, as also when I read his incisive writings in the *Swarajya*.

APPENDIX IX

JURISTS OF MADRAS

Melancholy interest attaches to this contribution as it could not reach my esteemed friend, the late V. C. Gopalarathnam. The learned Chief Justice of Madras, in whose regime, the most impressive of the three centenaries took place, threw a hint to me to touch the role of jurists of Madras. Chief Justice Sri S. Ramachandra Iyer wanted also a symposium. The latter could not be held properly without adequate notice.

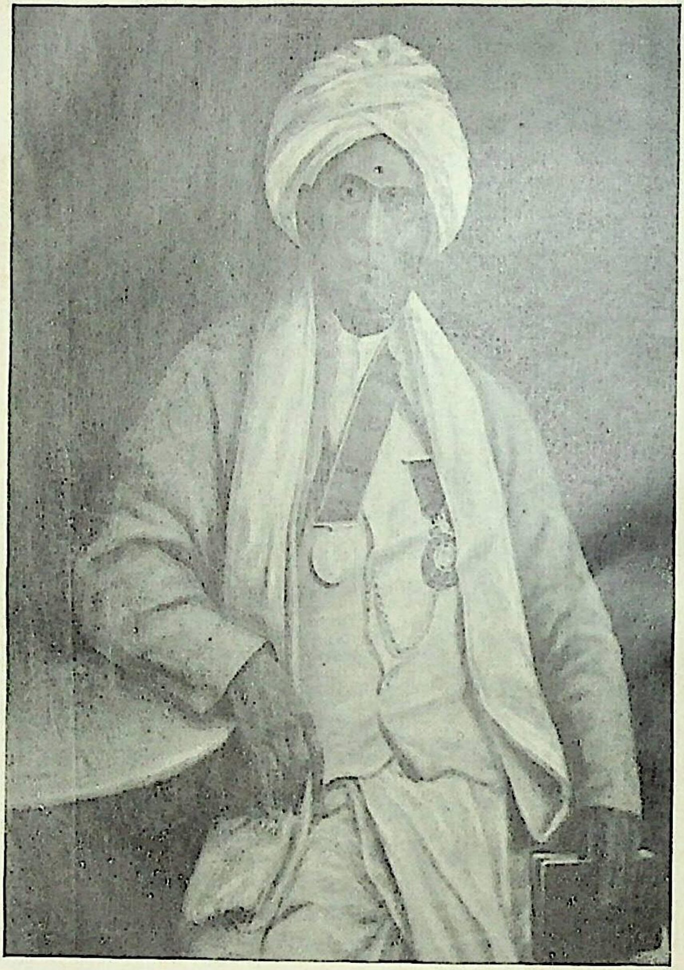
Roman Law was more *discussed* law than *decided* law. So Rome could throw up illustrious juris-consults as Papinian, Paulus, Ulpian, Julian and Modestinus. In Europe, the judges who had referred back to the collections of Roman Law and the writings of commentators had got into the habit of traditional reliance on professional writings.

The English Judges having no written " repertory of law upon which to fall back turned almost inevitably " to judicial precedents. In such a system, as Gray remarks, comparatively slight regard is likely to be rendered to opinions " of text-book writers not coming in the form of precedents."

In the realm of Hindu Law, Vijnanesvara and Jimutavahana may be singled out as having exercised the greatest influence. After the Supreme Court came into existence, it had the benefit of the views of the *Dharma Sastris* on Hindu law and custom and of the Kazis on questions of Muhamadan Law.

Pandits learned in Hindu Law were attached to Courts. Sir Thomas Strange, Chief Justice at Madras, has published these opinions in his second volume of Hindu Law as *Responsa Prudentum* or opinions of Pandits in 1830. Till 1864, these Dharma Sastris and Pandits continued when they were succeeded by Zillah Vakeels, Mukhtyars, and Pleaders. Later, the High Court Vakils and Advocates emerge in the horizon.

The qualifications of a legal agent in ancient India were two-fold धर्मज्ञ: and व्यवहारज्ञ: knowledge of Dharma Sastras and proficiency in the procedure of law courts.



SIR T. MUTHUSWAMY AIYAR
(*From an original oil painting by* RAVI VARMA—1886)

So far as Madras is concerned it is good to recall our traditional reputation. Institutionalization of philosophy was done only in the South by Sankara, Ramanuja, and Madhva. Students of commentaries and digests of Hindu Law are reminded of the unsolved controversy whether Medhatithi, the most illustrious commentator of Manu, belonged to South or North India. Among arguments advanced for his southern origin by Kamalakara Bhatta, are terseness and condensation in his style.

These points are again to be found in the identical controversy regarding Govindaraja, another great commentator on Manu.

Thus when we come across the terse style of Justice Muthuswamy Iyer, the forceful array in Sir S. Subrahmanya Aiyar's reasoning, and the luminous richness of Sir V. Bhashyam Iyengar's presentation, they are found worthy representatives of the Southern tradition.

When law was very much in the making, scope for laying down authoritative decisions expounding the fundamental principles of law gave the opportunity for these three giants.

While dealing with these three illustrious jurists, I cannot but recall the meeting of two master-minds, Justices Muthuswami Aiyar and Mahmood at Prayag. Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru thus narrated to us at 19, Albert Road, Allahabad the meet: " Justice Muthuswamy Aiyar in the Hindu pilgrim's dress in his *Dhoti* with a broad crescent moon in his forehead sent in his name in a piece of paper to the *chaprasi*. The liveried servant asked him curtly to wait. Lo! when Justice Mahmood in his dressing gown read the note, out he rushed and embraced him in that typical Moghul manner."

Those who want to get a sound understanding of Hindu Law, regarding adoption, succession, impartible estates, mutts and other religious institutions are advised to go through the *ratio-decidendi* in the great judgments of the first Indian High Court Judge, Sir T. Muthuswamy Aiyar. I have often seen old litigants from the far south circumambulating his statue in deep reverence.

Justice Sir S. Subramania Iyer, brought to bear on questions of Hindu Law a breadth of outlook as in his extended interpretation of *Stridhanam* to include the savings effected by a widow from the income of her husband's properties (28 M. 1). Sir S. Subramania Iyer could not but exclude a mother guilty of murdering her son from inheritance. (27 M. 591). A gift of Dharma was held valid by him following sound principles of equity (30 M. 105).

His *locus classicus* in *Annakumaru Pillai* vs. *Muthupayal* (27 M. 551) regarding *chanks* and Pearl fisheries off the coast of Ramnad citing Vattel has been cited by Professors Brierly and Lauterpacht in their great works on International Law.

Sir V. Bhashyam Iyengar will long be remembered as a great Hindu Jurist like Dr. Rash Behari Ghose. In almost all important cases his opinion was sought and the basic document in the Urkad Zamindari case on which success followed was drafted by Sir V. Bhashyam Iyengar. Highest praise was given to him as the tallest jurist of India by the late Sir T. B. Sapru.

Bhashyam Iyengar loved "the profession for its own sake" (one of the four requisites for success in Law laid down by Lord Russel of Killowen) and he died a characteristic death after having fainted at the feet of the statue of his great friend, Sir T. Muthuswami Aiyar.

When one leaves these past two decades of the nineteenth century, one has to reach the period of V. Krishnaswamy Ayyar, P. S. Sivaswamy Ayyar and P. R. Sundaram Ayyar. The first Indian permanent Advocate-General, Sir P. S. Sivaswamy Iyer, will long be remembered for his deep knowledge of law and understatement of facts. This Sivaswamy Iyer's tradition was maintained by T. R. Venkatarama Sastriar and Sir S. Varadachariar.

If one were asked to name the towering jurist after the trio of Muthuswamy Ayyar, Mani Ayyar and Bhashyam Iyengar, one has to reach S. Sreenivasa Iyengar gifted with the subtlest intellect. What he wrote in his masterly introduction to his tenth edition of Mayne on *Hindu Law and Usage* to codify the Hindu Law has come true.

Next we have to do honour to Sir Alladi Krishnaswamy, one of the giants of legal learning. His mastery of caselaw, English and Indian, was unique. One of his great ambitions was to be the Marshall of India. That was not to be. What the highest judiciary lost, the constitution got through this able architect in the constitution committee.

Sir L. Leach once posed the question regarding the quality of our recent judgments. The passion for swift justice and the comparatively less rich equipment of our judiciary may be among the causes.

While on the style of judgments, I cannot but recall the mastery of language in Sir C. V. Kumaraswamy Sastry, V. V. Srinivasa Iyengar, Justice V. Govindarajachariar, Chief Justice P. V. Rajamannar and Justice P. V. Balakrishna Ayyar.

Attempt has been made to cover only Indian talent in this direction and able advocates as Sir K. Srinivasa Iyengar, Sir C. P. Ramaswamy Ayyar, T. Rengachariar, S. Doraiswamy Ayyar and K. S. Krishnaswamy Iyengar will always serve as beacon-lights to the present and future lawyers.

Sir F. Pollock, Maitland, and Holdsworth have left their impress on us. In the survey of Madras Jurists. the names of Muthuswamy Ayyar, Mani Ayyar, Bashyam Iyengar, S. Srinivasa Iyengar and Alladi Krishnaswamy Ayyar can never be forgotten or underrated. M. Patanjali Sastriar was a courteous, persistent advocate and his judgments will long be cited for their clarity, dignity, and judicial excellence.

The order of jurists represents in every community the maturity of thought as to its legal needs and the legislator and the judge have invariably drawn upon them. It will be an evil day for Indian democracy to be deprived of the great office and head of the bar in India in the institution of the Attorney-General.

APPENDIX X

WERE WILLS KNOWN IN ANCIENT INDIA?

Sir Henry Maine stated that the Romans were a pre-eminent people conversant with wills; on the other hand the system of testamentary disposition was not in vogue in ancient India.

In the kinds of documents mentioned by Kautilya, Brihaspati, and Katyayana there is no term for a will. Even in the different regional languages there is no term to express this mode of disposition of property till one comes to the Muslim period.

Verses from Rajatarangini are interpreted by MM. P. V. Kane to embody the political testament of King Lalitaditya of Kashmir in the first half of the eighth century.

The joint family system and the belated development of the doctrine of individual rights to property should have retarded the growth of the testamentary idea.

The theory of Hindu jurisprudence ran to this effect that a transfer of property can be completed only by delivery of possession and acceptance. Since property can never remain in abeyance, a *post-mortem* conveyance of property was not favoured at all.

THE GIFTS :

Wills were not known but the ancient Hindus were familiar with gifts promised while in distress for a religious purpose.

The *Smriti Chandrika* quotes this text of Katyayana : "If a gift was promised by a man for a religious purpose whether when in good health or when afflicted with disease, the son should be made to pay it, if the father dies, without giving it over."

Harita has also declared : "A promise made in words but not performed in deed is a debt of conscience both in this world and the next."

Dr. P. V. Kane cites a letter (1775 A.D.) written by one Naro Babaji, who after referring to his illness provides for his funeral and Sraddha expenses and makes dispositions in favour of his daughter-in-law of another widow, and for the marriage of his kinsman's sons and the distribution of the balance of his assets.

One of the earliest of wills brought before the British Indian Courts was that of Umichand (who died in 1758 A.D.).

The Supreme Court of Calcutta with Sir Robert Chalmers and Sir William Jones decided in 1789 a leading case where the testator, 'a Hindoo', the father of four sons and possessed of ancestral and self-acquired property having provided for his eldest by appointment and advanced to the three young ones in his life the means of their establishment, thought proper to leave the whole of what he possessed to his two younger sons to the disinheritance of the two elder — The second of the elder disputed the will; but it was established on reference to the Pandits of the Court.

AN EXAMPLE :

A Hindu's will of 1789 is referred to in a Bombay Case (10 Bom. 528). The opinion of a Pandit of the Court of the Recorder of Bombay of 1812 is as learned as it is terse :

Question referred to Bapoo Pandit of the Recorder's Court : competency of a Hindoo to dispose of his property by will considering him first as a member of an undivided family and next as divided.

" There is no mention of wills in our Shaster : therefore they ought not to be made. If it be said that it is lawful for a father to divide his property during his life that is true, but then it must be done agreeable to the Shaster : he cannot divide it according to his pleasure ; and if he does his partition will be liable to be corrected so that the Shaster is the only rule. An undivided family having no power individually, but collectively only no member can, without the concurrence of all (express or implied) dispose of any thing. Where a division has taken place and the family of the individual is sufficiently provided for, an alienation is competent, but not even then of the immovable property. The deceased member of an undivided family leaving no son, his share of the joint property does not descend to his widow but survives to his brothers or other coheirs. Thus I have written what is the practice of this country." (Sd.) Bapoo.

4th Madhow of the dark fortnight, 1734, of Salivahan.

Wills in South India

Recognition of testamentary capacity was very tardy in Madras till Madras Regulation V of 1829. The Privy Council in 6 M.I.A. 309 at 344 held that a man who had provided for the maintenance of dependent female relatives might convey even ancestral immovable property by will to their prejudice.

The modern Acts dealing with testamentary dispositions are not here adverted to.

The Hindu will in its present form is thus a development since the middle of the eighteenth century.

It is a strange commentary on the psychology of human behaviour that Sir Thomas Strange warns in a letter from him to H. Colesbrooke, Esq., d. 12 Oct. 1812 :—

"One thing I observe in all the wills made by Hindus of Madras, that a great proportion of the property is bequeathed to superstitious uses : the proportion is commonly in the ratio of the inequity with which it has been acquired or of the sensuality or corruption to which it has been devoted.

Sic hi non ipsis mellificent. I would rather see it distributed in their families etc. etc."

APPENDIX XI

WHY A SECULAR STATE?

The greatest trial of democracy through counting adult heads — certainly not through breaking them — was in progress in our motherland. Parties like mushrooms have grown up just to show their anger, frustration or suppression. One opponent of Pandit Nehru, the noble democrat of the 'East', had gone to such unreasoned extremism as to state that a vote "for Nehru is a vote for a Muslim"!

While Nehru the Congress leader has shoulders broad enough and wits sufficiently sharp to receive and reply to all these misrepresentations, an examination of the reasons why India has wisely elected in favour of a Secular State seems once again essential in these disturbed days of mudslinging and pettifogging.

Lessons of History

The tale of impaling of men of different faiths, the crusades, and the bloody thirty years' war ending in 1645 and the pool of blood in 1947 on the eve of partition of India — these by no means exhaust the story of man fighting against brother-man in the name of religion.

The modern nation-state which emerged out of the disintegration of feudalism and the decay and downfall of the Holy Roman Empire is secular. The growth and development of modern Turkey stand as a shining commentary on the track away from theocracy and theocratic control.

Implications of secularity

In India there are followers of all religions — the Syrian Christians had settled in the far South two thousand years ago — the enterprising Parsees have been welcomed in and around Bombay. The Arabs, Pathans and Mangols have settled down to peaceful life after their hectic starts.

The Jains and Buddhists who have branched off from Hinduism of the priestly type are with us as part and parcel of us.

The Christians have settled down throughout the country with their parishes, churches and educational missions.

If in such a setting the Sovereign Indian Constituent Assembly has decided in favour of no-state-religion, it is just and proper.

No citizen of India can be forced to attend any denominational school.

Every religion has freedom to profess and do propaganda for its faith subject to law "order, morality and public health". "A" may have a right during worship to ring a bell or blow a conch or beat a drum; but if it is done hoarsely at midnight to disturb the sleeping good folk in the area, it can be regulated through an injunction in a court of law.

Obscene vulgarities in the name of religion are not allowed by law.

In keeping with tradition

The spiritual experiments done by our sages are recorded in our Upanishads. They contain impassioned appeals to Peace, Prosperity and Plenty to all the worlds including animals, our species and even the vegetable kingdom.

There are ringing invocations for progress from evil to good from darkness to light and from death to immortality and for bliss and peace to all.

The five cardinal tenets of our ethics are : Non-violence, Truth, Non-stealing, Continence and Cleanliness.

Mahatma's example

The Father of our Nation through his valiant '*experiments with Truth*' has left for us a priceless legacy in thoughts, words and deeds. All that he wanted "was cleanliness, clean water, permissible food and the freedom to pray to God in his own way."

So according to our constitution every religious denomination in India can establish and maintain institutions for religious and charitable purposes.

No person shall be compelled to pay any taxes for maintenance of any religious denomination. Thus any one can contribute voluntarily to the maintenance of any particular religion.

Secular but not anti-religious

Free India having deliberately chosen to be not a theocratic State does not mean that it is anti-religious. Religion is safely and securely left to the individual.

The paradox is that a secular State can succeed amidst only the rich and innate tolerance in our way of life.

Disinterested love of all and an abiding pursuit of Ahimsa are as old as the Upanishads and Buddha's path, virtue.

Free India trying to follow in the footsteps of Mahatma Gandhi can never afford to forget the track lit by that Great Humanitarian.

APPENDIX XII

DID LAWYERS EXIST IN ANCIENT INDIA?

The Rt. Hon'ble Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru in one of his evening hospitable sessions put to the present writer this question :—

"Did lawyers exist as an institution in ancient India ?" Sir Asutosh Mukherjee, that intellectual giant of Calcutta, had given thought to this problem too.

In the pre-Smriti age we had an economy and a polity where sages and kings assisted one another. Profound reflections in Ashrams and wise benevolence of kings characterized the age.

Niyuktas in Smritis

In the Smriti period, it is difficult to state that "any class of persons whose profession was the same as that of modern counsel, solicitors or legal practitioners" (MM. P. V. Kane) existed.

Among the Romans there were Jurisconsults with the three-fold functions of *agere* (arguing client's causes), *cavere* (conveyancing) and *respondere* (giving opinions).

Their law was more *discussed* law than *decided* law.

Though there were not lawyers regulated by the State there were Dharmasastris well-versed in the law of the Smritis. These were called Niyuktas (appointed).

The legal procedure found in Narada, Brihaspati and Katyayana required competence and technical skill.

In Asahaya's commentary on Narada, there is a story from which is inferable that persons versed well in the Smritis assisted parties in return for a monetary consideration in stating the cases in court.

Sridhara vs. *Mahidhara*

The facts of this case brought before the Court at Patiliputra were as follows :—A Brahman merchant Sridhara had lent the whole of his wealth to a trader Devadhara at 2 p.c. per mensem. The interest was paid to Sridhara at the end of the first month.

Devadhara died through an accident in the second month. His son died of an attack of cholera leaving Devadhara's great grandson Mahidhara. As Mahidhara was addicted to bad habits, the management of the estate was done by his sons and maternal uncles. At the close of the second month, Sridhara demanded payment of the interest due on the sum lent to Devadhara. They refused payment and rejoined :—

"We do not owe you the principal, much less any amount of interest. The Brahman Smarta Dwidhara has pointed out to us that the obligation to pay stops with the fourth in descent." Sridhara charged Mahidhara together with his uncles for his dishonesty.

Both parties took sureties. The uncles of Mahidhara engaged Smarta Dwidhara to plead for them.

Smarta Dwidhara, the legal adviser of the uncles referred to the text of Narada (1, 4) as proving that the obligation to pay the debts of ancestors stops with the fourth in descent. His arguments were refuted and held out to contempt by another learned Brahman legal adviser, Smartha Sekhara who rejoined that the great grandson of the borrower Mahidhara came within Narada's text of three male descendents. Bhatta Smartha Sekhara won and jeered at Smartha Dwidhara, "You are not deeply learned in the Smriti texts, nor have you studied glosses thereon."

References in Sukra Niti

A few relevant rules on the remuneration of these legal agents are to be found in Sukraniti. The person who is appointed to represent a party should get as his wages 1-16, 1-20, 1-40, 1-60 or 1-80 part of the amount in dispute. These wages become less and less as "the claim in dispute becomes higher or if several persons employ one representative." (Sukraniti : IV, 5, 114-117.)

Qualifications of a legal agent

One who knows Dharma sastras and the procedure of law courts should alone be appointed as a representative and not any one who is deficient in these. Further a representative taking wages without knowing these should be punished by the King. This agent is to be appointed by the party and not by the King at his sweet will.

References in the "Questions of Milinda"

There is a passage about certain "Bhikkus" in the Dhammanagara styled Dhammaparikas in the work "Questions of Milinda." (S.B.E. Vol. 36, p. 238). "Bhikkus, who in the spirit and the letter, in its arguments and explanations, its reasons and examples, teach and repeat, utter forth and recapitulate the nine-fold world of the Buddha; such Bhikkus are called O' King, lawyers in the blessed one's City of Righteousness."

Bengal Regulation VII of 1793

The first legislative enactment in India to deal with lawyers for representing parties passed by the British Government was the Bengal Regulation of 1793, which defined the fees (upto 1,000 and then on a sliding scale), the privileges and the responsibilities of Vakeels (Agents).

The Supreme Court had the benefit of the views of the Dharma Shastris on Hindu Law and custom and of the Kazis on question of Muhamadan Law.

Pundits learned in Hindu Law were attached to courts. Sir Thomas Strange (Chief Justice of Madras) has published these opinions in his second volume of Hindu Law as *Responsa Prudentum* or opinions of Pundits in 1830.

Till 1864, these Dharma Shastris and Pundits continued when they were succeeded by Zillah Vakeels, Mukhtyars, Pleaders. The High Court Vakeels and Advocates succeeded to the work in the High Courts.

The Bar Council's Act of 1926 has unified the bar in India through a Central enactment.

Seventh Schedule to the Constitution of India (The Union List) in List 78 provides for persons entitled to practise before the High Courts. Very wisely it is left to the Centre to legislate for the High Court Bar and not to the States. The Bar has now been unified.

APPENDIX XIII

MEN I HAVE MET

'Lives of great men all remind us
That we can make our lives sublime.'

Though born only in a family of Vedic learning and pious austerities, the link in the maternal line of outstanding lawyers had at the first stage brought me into touch with men of light and learning. An urge to use the pen since 1919 has taken me to outstanding men : an All-India tour during 1922-23 as a press-representative to the Gaya Congress took me to Santiniketan, Dakshineswar and Prayag. A cultural trip abroad in 1946 gave me an opportunity to meet great Jurists like Professor Roscoe Pound at the Harvard University, Professor J. L. Brierly at Oxford, and Dr. C. K. Allen at the Rhodes House. Lest I forget some of my early-impressions of these great persons, an attempt is herein made to record my reactions to them. Linking as I do the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, the substratum of urge in me is to develop the *personality* to its perfection *through Social Service*. Contacts with the following men have elevated my thoughts and directed me to the Path of Sublimated Service.

'Sundararaman', the seer

While a boy in the fifth class, a prize was won in 1909 from an austere Principal called Professor K. Sundararaman : Fourteen years later when matrimony took me often to the banks of the Cauvery, I bowed to him deeply in the correct Indian style at his sacred residence. Austere simplicity, undimmed thinking, and profound scholarship in Sanskrit, History and English — these are the parts in him which made me his distant admirer. To him may truly be applied this description by a modern poet :—

"He, who in face of contradiction's spite
Has with his doubt so wrought he can aver
That he believes has to his soul a right ;
And he whom not a world's odds can deter
From making trial of belief so won
Has known his soul."

Besant, the orator

While at the metropolis of Madras between 1925-1936, I had drunk deep at the fountain of the persuasive perorations of Besant. Three visits to her at the office of the *New India* are found noted in my diaries. She was deeply interested in the *Siddha Sastras*. She warmly encouraged me in my contributions to her daily : my interest in the 'Problems Beyond' not having then taken any shape, I felt drawn to her speeches : she could lift up her hearers to Exalted Enthusiasm ; I have listened with care to many speakers : hers has been put by me *in a class* by itself : persuasive pleas of the Right Hon'ble V. S. Srinivasa Sastry were bewitching ; the cultured ease of Sir C. P. is always a performance extorting respect ; the vitriolic eloquence of Satyamurthi was of ephemeral interest ; but the oratory of Besant was powerful, persuasive, and patriotic.

The doughty Vijayaraghavachariar

Till the other day the grand old man of Indian politics, Salem Vijayaraghavachariar had been enjoyed by me as a grandfather in his doughty assertions at the card table and in the boat at Kodaikanal, a popular Indian hill-station. Hero of 'Salem riots' and a deep student of Constitutional Law and practice, the spots in him were best visible while he pressed powerfully his points. He would never *admit* triumph of the adversary in contests. He impressed his patriotism on generations of young men in India. Taking punctilious care of his diet and health, he passed away a nonogenarian.

Mahamahopadhyaya Swaminathier

Tamil literature has a legacy of beauty and variety taking it to a dim past. The picture of a pious pandit squatting down with his steel pen in the ear and examining an old cadjan-leaved manuscript of a Tamil classic is passing before me as I reconstruct the great personality of the profound Tamil Scholar, Mahamahopadhyaya Pandit V. Swaminathier. For hundreds of years to come, students of Tamil classics have to cherish with reverence the pioneer work done by the profound *pandit*. A day spent in his company at the headquarters of a Saivite Mutt brings to my mind his proficiency in music, anecdotes of the Titans of the Madras Bar as Sir S. Subramanya Aiyar, V. Krishnaswamy Iyer, and Sir V.

Bhashyam Iyengar, his grateful impressions of the learned heads of certain mutts of South India, and above all the struggles he had to undergo to collect old Tamil manuscripts. I believe that I was living in an area where Sage Bharadwaja was once guiding his twelve thousand pupils : if I am asked to mention three names of men of steadfast wisdom and profound learning I have met, straight is my answer : Mahamahopadhyaya V. Swaminathier, Mahamahopadhyaya T. Ganapati Sastry, and Mahamahopadhyaya Sir Ganganatha Jha.

Rabindranath Tagore

On 25th December 1922 I boarded a bus at Bolpur which took me to Santiniketan. One full hour I was looking into the artistic personage, Rabindranath Tagore. The late W. W. Pearson took charge of me and led me to the company of smiling boys. *Gurudev* made enquiries of the possibility of a Tamil Chair at Viswabharati. Again on September 21, 1924 at the head of my 'Shivaji Rovers' we wished him '*bon voyage*' to Peru at Villupuram. Picturesque personality, half-mystic, and a true philosopher-poet — these are the impressions left behind. "*Gitanjali*" and "*Sadhana*" have most appealed to me : Tagore was best enjoyed while he read or recited his works. His "*Message of the Forest*" which I heard from him in Trichinopoly while an under-graduate is still reverberating in me.

Father Bertram

During and after the first World-War, the Indian student was affected naturally by the surge of his mother-land aspiring for freedom. Heads of educational institutions had a good psychological problem on hand. Our Principal, the Reverend Father F. Bertram of St. Joseph's College, Trichinopoly, was a great educationist who had a wonderful memory of his students, their parents, their fathers-in-law and even "villages-in-law"! More an institution than an individual, Father Bertram has helped many poor boys and his name will long live in men's memories as one of the few distinguished educationists who excelled in their knowledge of human nature.

Sir T. Desikachariar

A neatly dressed dignitary in spotless long coat, trouser, and lace-turban, Sir T. Desikachary of Trichinopoly was a connoiseur in coins. Cultured from top to toe, he took a lively interest in the study of Tamil classics. He had high social virtues and an unruffled temper. To see him was education : to talk to him was culture : and to enjoy his company was happiness.

Justice Seshagiri Iyer

The slim alert figure with his upper cloth characteristically folded over his left arm, obliging every friend who came by his way, has been badly missed by me. Madras public life has produced intellectual giants but cold intellectuality devoid of sweet imagination is bound to pass away unwept and unmourned. Rare literary powers, charming social qualities and a noble character intertwining them all — this loving combination in Justice Seshagiri Iyer was the meeting point of men of different inclinations and persuasions. As a judge he " strove to free himself and each case that he tried from all obscurity and his real research was often forgotten in his clarity of expression because we are all too apt to confuse wisdom with mystery." — (Sir C. P.)

Principal Arthur Davies

Spartan in his dress, a fine Shakespearian actor, blunt in appreciation, Principal Arthur Davies of the Madras Law College was an unforgettable Englishman among us. Dr. Millar's and Father Sewell's are legends to me. I have met a true Englishman capable of introspection in my Principal Arthur Davies : I remember him with gratitude for his partiality to me and till I take an abiding interest in matters mundane, I shall preserve his long letter to me from England.

Dynamic Satyamurthy

India was on the road to Swaraj : and many pioneers have fought for freedom. For at least twenty years, students had rushed to meetings when they knew that Satyamurthy would be one of the speakers. At the Marina opposite to the Presidency College, Madras, I have heard B. C. Pal, B. G. Tilak, Motilal Nehru, C. R. Das, and S. Srinivasa Iyengar; yet none endeared himself to the emotional so much as our Satyamurthy. Actor, scholar, and parliamentarian, Satyamurthy was at his best in invective. He developed a type of oratory interspersing it with a few striking Sanskrit verses which in the setting killed the adversary! His eloquence was "vitriolic".—(Rt. Hon'ble V. S. S.)

K. T. Paul

Baden Powell's movement taught me to be active in *doing good* and not merely passive in being good. I owe it to the fragrant personality of Kanakarayan T. Paul of Y. M. C. A. the experience of *Rural work* and service. He was a very well-informed nationalist who had an uncanny power of choosing right men for right posts.

Able Rangaswami Iyengar

The best Committee man in India and one of the subtlest intellects, Mr. A. Rangaswamy of the "*Swadesamitran*" and the "*Hindu*" was an acquisition to any conference or gathering. More than a dozen interviews I have had with him: every time I had my grasp of problems intensified and expression condensed to brevity and effect. Rarely could one have a combination of an incisive pen and organizing capacity. Rangaswamy Iyengar was an able Secretary to the R. T. C. delegation from India; he wrote contributions of lasting value; like his illustrious brother of high character, Sir N. Gopalaswamy Iyengar, he screened a subtle intellect by a stern serene exterior.

Subtle Srinivasa Iyengar

'*Sriman*' as he was hailed in Madras, Srinivasa Iyengar like Moti Lal Nehru entered late Indian politics which as it were waited to be taken by storm by both. I knew only the last phase of Srinivasa Iyengar's career which projected to Gauhati after a 'Midlothian Campaign' in the South. Many poor political workers were the recipients of his generosity: he earned like a prince and spent it willingly for pulverising Indian politics. In those pre-Gandhi days sacrifice for the country was of a different quality:

three princes among lawyers as C. R. Das, Moti Lal Nehru, and Srinivasa Iyengar had the courage and drive to turn Indian politics through parliamentary channels. Hours of sustained talks with Srinivasa Iyengar brought out to me his differences from the Gandhian approach. A subtlest lawyer to be faced, in the evening of his life he had a most respected hearing in the Madras High Court. His was a restless mind with no patience for fools or reactionaries. '*Mayne on Hindu Law and Usage*' is a standard treatise ; but the tenth edition by S. Srinivasa Iyengar, the lion of Madras Bar, will long be respectfully consulted. Sir B. N. Rau, another cultured jurist, has paid him the highest compliment by trying to follow the stimulating suggestions of Srinivasa Iyengar on codification of Hindu Law. "The time has certainly come to cheapen the ascertainment of law, to make it, if only in its 'broad outline,' a common possession of all literate citizens and to minimise the inconveniences and complications of a personal law, intermixed as it is with local or family customs which have long outlived the needs of an earlier day, by the enactment of a Code of Hindu Law applicable to the whole of Hindu India which is governed by the two schools." Wise Judgment of a Great Indian Jurist indeed !

Mahamahopadhyaya Sir Ganganatha Jha

In 1924 when I saw him presiding over the Third All-India Oriental Conference, Madras, little could I prophesy that I would be having a *darsan* of the pious Pandit at Prayag itself. The picture that I have of him is that of a profound Pandit sitting in a simple *Asan* and writing in his own hand the marvellously correct translations of difficult source-books on *Nyaya*, *Vedanta* and *Mimansa*. He lived the life of a *true philosopher*, *profound scholar* and *pure Grhastha*. His personal purity and deep study had *urged* me to do my duty by the institute named after him.

Uma Shankar Bajpai

Fine personality, amiable manners, unfailing sympathy — these are what I remember of a distinguished well-wisher, Justice Uma Shankar Bajpai. Accessible to all, and deeply stirred by spiritual personages, he had an *affection* to all. Long shall I cherish his memory as I found in him a model judge, urbane and accessible.

C. Y. Chintamani

I first met him at Madura while he presided over a Social Conference: he was then to me a well-known journalist with a wonderful memory of facts, dates and odds. Since 1936 to his demise, I had many opportunities of spending with him hours together. Let me go to a forenoon on 12 March 1941 when Sir Mirza Ismail, K. Iswara Dutt, and myself were with C. Y. C. from 10-10 a.m. to 11-55 a.m. :—

C. Y C.—" I have tried to lead an useful life leaving behind little in the form of earthly goods to my younger children."

Sir Mirza :—God will take care of them. I am an optimist.

C. Y. C.—" Optimism and pessimism are both incorrect; on the facts that are relevant, expectation should be made."

Sir Mirza embraced cordially C. Y. C. who stood up with difficulty for this parting and conveyed that he would carry his regards to that great gentleman, Sir P. S. S.

A staunch Liberal, determined Editor, genuine Social Reformer, deep believer, C. Y. C. was a self-made man built up in the mould of the Victorian Liberals.

Sachchidananda Sinha has told me of the help rendered by him to the unsuffixed wanderer from the South: adequate recompense to the public life of U.P. has been rendered by redoubtable Chintamani.

Self-made Sir Alladi

One of the architects of the Indian Constitution, Sir Alladi Krishnaswami, was born with *no spoon* in his mouth. He died a millionaire, gifted with a charitable partner. Long will persist his reputation as a great constitutional lawyer.

Able Amaranatha Jha

A distinguished literateur, Pandit Amaranatha Jha preferred saving the autonomy of Allahabad University to getting a Knighthood from a foreign government. Where fools take three hours, he took one hour as a great educational administrator.

Jina-Raja-Dasa

Among the discoveries of Annie Besant, J. K. and Jina-Raja-Dasa have been acclaimed rare jewels. The former is now a peerless rebel and uncompromising thinker. The latter, highly cultured, worshipped Truth through the porch of Beauty.

Austere Madan Mohan Malaviya

Many long meets are noted in my diary with the builder of the Banaras Hindu University. He was not only a prince among beggars but a model traditional Hindu from top to toe. He advised me to take the Ganga water and India's earth abroad which I did though I did not use the latter.

M. S. M. Sharma

In Anglo-Indian India, it was possible for unsuffixed individuals to come up. If Simla gave the bread to V. P. Menon and U.P. discovered C. Y. C. Behar received M. S. M. Sharma, who fished in the dangerous waters of Indian journalism. His journalistic scoops are less important than his life in the path of ceremonial mysticism.

Ubiquitous Sulaiman

Sir Shah Muhamad Sulaiman was a brilliant alert judge. He was amenable to all. He was an embodiment of cultured courtesy. His excursions into higher mathematics led him to debatable regions. Such brilliant intellectuals have left us *all too soon*. Sulaiman was a 'magnificent' judge at Allahabad and Delhi.

Sir P. S. Sivaswamy Aiyar

With Sir Palamaneri S. Sivaswamy Aiyar, my relation was that of a *great-grandson-in-law*. I feel it a sacred duty to refer to the thorough, conscientious study of material and the understatement of the case which had always characterised his advocacy. A man of firm understanding, he had indulged in discriminating charities to his own school with a hostel on the banks of the Cauvery and the National Girls' High School, Mylapore, Madras. Sir Sivaswamy Aiyar led a very well regulated calm life; he had "throughout his long life embodied in himself and represented to us the best and most permanent elements" of Hindu culture.

India's Silver-tongued Orator

More than twenty-four years' contact with the Rt. Hon'ble V. S. Srinivasa Sastry still wrests from me high appreciation of his intellectual honesty and matchless eloquence. I know an occasion when Madras' first Premier rushed to the other house lest it get enmeshed under the wings of Sastriar's eloquence. "He has sympathy; he has patience, he has the social vision, the reconciling temper, the human touch, and he has the gift from Heaven, the power of eloquent speech."—Where did this Indian learn his English? His Majesty the late King George V got a pleasant surprise that he learnt his English in India! The Right Hon'ble Sastry had outlived many an unkind assault of his political opponents. His innate shrewdness in looking at the other point of view and a remarkable capacity in presenting his opponent's case had won him many a knotty point.

A Cultured Lawyer

"Life is a great and noble calling not a mean and grovelling thing"—a living example of this Gladstonian dictum was found in the cultured T. R. Venkatrama Sastriar—his high character, marked ability, and unquestionable impartiality had commanded respect for him in society. In Indian life, the attachment, regard, and affection of Venkatrama Sastriar to the Rt. Hon'ble V. S. S. Sastry were unique : for a parallel one may have to go to the epics of which both were cultured scholars. He was at the height of practice. Since he resigned the Provincial Law Membership he continually commanded the confidence of many Chief Justices of Madras High Court. By temperament he was more a dispassionate judge than a torrential advocate. He believed that any worthy cause should succeed through fair advocacy.

A delightful Conversationalist

On 23rd December, 1923 in an attire reminding one of wandering Ulysses, I met Mr. Sachchidananda Sinha at Howrah Station—Max Müller rubbed him on the wrong side by waxing eloquent over the beauty of his name lending itself to many modes of spelling: The "Yogi" may request him to see Narayana Maharaj *en route* to Hyderabad-Deccan—Why should he deviate from his delightful cultured ease? He was a *brilliant conversationalist,* a genuine friend, and a good student of literature.

Dignity Personified

He was a legend to me: he was taken as a political twin with the learned Jayakar: he was all that stood for gentility, generosity, and grandeur. He had invincible modesty and flowery culture. He was very grateful: alone among lawyers in India when he entered a Court or gathering there was a hush — and expectancy. When the history of India is written of the period 1919-1944, it will have to devote at least a page to the acts of good-will associated with the Rt. Hon'ble Sir T. B. Sapru. Not a mere lawyer: he had hobbies in getting delight from literature: he had a valuable collection of books: good and learned men were always welcome at 19, Albert Road, Allahabad.

First Chief Justice of India

British rule in India has a sure "*asset*" side in the administration of Justice in India. So long as men of calibre and learning as Sir Maurice Gwyer are sent to India, public opinion will welcome that influence. Whether at Baroda, Mysore or Trivandrum, I have heard highest reports of his probity and culture. Delhi atmosphere is not conducive to the growth and development of academic minds: Sir Maurice Gwyer, a finest flower of Oxford, was a misfit there: he had grandiose ideas of a Federal University at Delhi. A rare opportunity occurred to him and his Rajkot award lifted him one foot higher in the hearts of millions of this land — in him was a rare combination of academic learning, passion for justice, and unparalleled experience in draftsmanship.

Maharishi Ramana

Twice in spells of three nights in 1937 and 1945, it was a rare opportunity to live in the very presence of Maharishi Ramana of Thiruvannamalai. This boy—turned seer was the direct line of the Rishis of old. A *Jivanmukhta,* as he was, we learnt from him how to *dive deep within us into* the right side of the (physical) heart, the very *centre* of our being.

There is no *becoming* ; it is a *negation* of the unreal leading to the *Real* — from darkness to *Light* — from death to *Immortality*. In his life of steadfast wisdom we found the *Muni* ; in his eyes projected towards the Ever-distant we got the *Diksha* of initiation. When on June 22, 1945, I took leave of him never more to see him in his mortal coil, he reiterated to me " child ! I am always within you — Why cry ? "

Sir Mirza Ismail

Mysore, Baroda, Travancore, and Kashmir were generally lucky in their Dewans. Men of first-rate ability, tact, grit, and culture had pilotted their administrations. Artistic tastes, Persian culture, charming hospitality, genuine good-will — all these virtues were radiated by Sir Mirza Ismail wherever he was. The man who moulded for many years model Mysore stepped gracefully into my study : at once, a few suggestions regarding the colour of the screens ! — Where was this personification of art and where a pious Pandit engrossed in deep thoughts, high endeavour, and planless living ?

Sir N. Gopalaswamy

Sir N. Gopalaswamy Iyengar was a distinguished remnant of a highly intellectual family of South India. Quiet, serene, cultured, and steady, he overpowered any one by his sublime intellect. He was an ornament of the public service in the South. Away at Kashmir he maintained his reputation for brilliance, independence, and honesty. Amidst a quiet sylvan setting where the birds chirp gently, he was coolly thinking of how further to help India to freedom : he was a deeply religious soul. I had a longing to spend quietly many more hours with him.

Dr. Pattabhi

Known to me since I wrote to the *Janmabhumi* of Machilipatnam in 1920, I have met him sufficient number of times to understand his aptitude for constructive work and his unostentatious demeanour. Ganga escaping through mountains rushes into the plains through Haridwar : at thrice-holy Triveni she gets lost at the Sangam. Of the former velocity is Pandit Jawaharlal and the latter was the '*bhav*' of Pattabhi.

AMONG THE LIVING

A Dynamic Statesman

In any gathering of intellectuals, a few always impress as the select. Such an outstanding personality is Sir C. P. Ramaswamy Aiyar, the dynamic statesman of the Far South of our land. Art, Literature and Law, — all these muses are found in such fine proportion in him. In the presentation of facts before any tribunal, there are very few to equal him in India. His courage, eloquence, and determination are known to many. Few alone know the remarkable *alertness of his mind* : fewer still know the disciplined *Yogic* life that he has been leading now for many years : " Must spirituality co-exist with passivity or apathy or inertia ? " *No — need not* : The cultured philosopher in this dynamic statesman is destined to play always *a leading role* in life.

An Unsullied Public Worker

Not often does it happen that a father is succeeded by an equally worthy son : in the case of the disciplined Pandit Hirdayanath Kunzru it is singularly happy. Familiar to me as a worthy guest at Madura, the more I see him the more I am impressed by his clean life, unsullied public work, and ordered thinking. The Servants of India Society is a great institution. When in a huff I wanted to join it in 1927, its then President wisely dissuaded me from doing so. I have tried to drink its atmosphere by my pilgrimage to its headquarters in 1940-1941. The fenced spot in the rock where Gopala Krishna Gokhale took the vow has been prayerfully visited by me. Gokhale I had a glimpse of in Sydoji Lane, Madras, when a High School boy : Srinivasa Sastriar's oratory has sometimes swept me off my feet : Devadhar, the Great Social Worker, impressed me with his uninviting exterior hiding a mellowed heart : Hirdayanath Kunzru is a distinguished public worker, cultured companion, and a warm friend.

His Holiness Shankaracharya of Kanchi

Our Adyaguru Shri Shankaracharya has laid down, in his *Viveka Chudamani,*

दुर्लभं त्रयमेवैतद्देवानुग्रहहेतुकम् ।
मनुष्यत्वं मुमुक्षुत्वं महापुरुषसंश्रयः ॥

God has granted us three very great things : human birth, the yearning to know God and the companionship of a Great Soul : Of the first there is no doubt : of the second each individual has to touch his *heart* and answer : and of the third each gets the grace of the great masters when he is walking steadfast on the spiritual path. Thirty years ago in the company of His Holiness Shankaracharya of Kanchi I spent forty days. I do not know if he sleeps continuously five hours a day : a highly evolved personage, a disciplined mind, a loving heart, infinite capacity for absorbing all relevant pieces of civilization, graceful expression, and above all a beaming countenance — His Holiness with all these charms has drawn me to his care through his physical presence and influences through other planes. He is the worthy head of a great Mutt, fostering fine learning, Hindu traditions and culture.

Sir V. T. K.

Baroda owes a deep debt of gratitude to the incorruptible Dewanship of Sir V. T. Krishnamachariar. I have watched his career as Personal Assistant to the Collector, District Magistrate, Member, Board of Revenue and Dewan of Progressive Baroda — the same charming, quiet, dignified, and steady soul. When Sir Akbar Hydari, philosopher-cum-statesman, passed away, the mantle of *primus inter-pares* of Indian statesmen fell on Sir V. T. K. In British India, political shrewdness and sagacious statesmanship could not be combined till 1935. The Indian States had afforded the opportunity for Indian statesmanship in the nineteenth century. The undying culture of India had flown through different streams in different ages : if India is known for her eclecticism in religion and unrivalled logic of her philosophy, her political genius has blossomed in the figures of Great Asoka, Sri Harsha of Thanesar, Shivaji the Great Mahratta, the sagacious Sayaji Rao of Baroda and the benevolent Sri Krishna Raja Wodeyar of Mysore.

C. R.

Having heard of him from my maternal uncles at Salem and Madura, I had an yearning to meet him. In a bank I met him in the company of '*Kalki*', a charming writer of Tamil. Again I met him when he came to Allahabad for the A. I. C. C. meeting: a third time again when he got very few votes at Allahabad for a big gesture of his — why does this subtle *Bhashyakar* wear coloured spectacles? Why is he avoiding the crowd? Why is he indulging in paradoxes? Why has he broken many social hurdles? Why was he glad in ploughing the lonely furrow for a time? Many a time since I have met him. He is fond of making incisive points with a frugality of words.

Unruffled Radhakrishnan

The sole Indian Fellow of the British Academy, Dr. S. Radhakrishnan is a prince among philosophers. Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru likes him naturally. As well-deserved, he has become the President of India. He is clear in his exposition and commands respect. Austere but not otherworldly, statesman and philosopher, shrewd and dependable, he is a bridge over differences. He is as eloquent as he is pleasant. He is a philosopher in every sense as he has finished his commentaries on the *Prasthanatraya.*

A genuine Jagatguru

As there are only four Vedas, so Sankara established four mutts at Sringeri, Dwaraka, Badrinath and Puri. The 35th in unbroken succession at Sringeri, Sri Abhinava Vidya Tirthaji is a great Sanskrit scholar and shrewd administrator. From the President of India to the peasant, they have met *divine* sympathy from His Holiness.

Chief Justice O. H. Mootham

Britain left India free and has left behind a fund of *goodwill*. She unified India administratively as never before. Precious relics of an impartial judiciary are with us. Uttar Pradesh, my adopted State, had done well in retaining and honouring Justice O. H. Mootham. Chief Justice Mootham will long be remembered for his fairness and urbanity.

J. K.

I never miss hearing this profound thinker reminding us of Socrates without that thin veneer of cynicism. "The reform of society is ultimately the revolution in the individual." Yes. Should J. K. break so many idols to rediscover the eternal "ब्रहैवाहं" in us all? Otherwise he is not J. Krishnamurthy!

Scholarly K. P. S. Menon

In K. P. S. Menon, I.C.S., there is that unique versatility reminding us of Munro and Elphinstone. Every inch a scholar, he is a great traveller and our accredited pilgrim to strange lands. In him is a rare combination of depth and adjustment.

Restless Jawaharlal

Two eminent Kashmiris have repeatedly put the question to me — "Am I religious?" One may not ring the temple bells or loudly chant *mantras* — yet if he is serving society through his steady beneficence and great gentlemanliness he might live at Albert Road without the conceit of religion — yet *truly so*. The other need not have cared to respond to the pealing of the Bharadwaj bells opposite to his historic mansion. What is a religious outlook worth if it does not ripen into *Service*? Dynamic outlook, international background, scintillating style, a restless intellectualism, and an aristocratic impatience — these I have learnt to appreciate in my charming *Pandit*. Useless research, changeless formality, discourteous manifestations, rude indiscipline — these repel the sweet Soul of *Anandbhavan*. A vast gathering — Mahatma, the soul of India, addressed on the eve of laying the foundation-stone of the Kamala Nehru Hospital, — a nation's homage to a noble matron — *and mine too through my last boy* — a slight noise in a corner — out jumped Jawaharlal to the weak spot *to put it down personally*—.

And another setting — quiet celebration of his darling's marriage — buffet party in the spacious lawns — I ask him, why not you register this m— in an Indian State? — Smilingly says "you are a *conservative lawyer* — what am I going to leave behind?"

Since coming to power, I have met him too. He now reminds me that "uneasy lies the head" that wears the crown of *sole responsibility*. He is in the deep waters of *democratic planning*. Will the former survive the *unitary communistic* approach of the latter?

Proud Pandit! as long as the Sun and the Moon shine over our *Bharatavarsha*, we grateful Indians shall have Mahatma and Jawahar *in our hearts*.

Prospect ahead

Yes: Our lives can be made sublime by contact with *great* men:

I have culled flowers for worship of God now for thirty years. There is great comfort in these *flowers* of the cultured Jina-Raja-Dasa.

"Word that is true and voice that is kind,
Thought that is just from a selfless mind;
Help that is swift and hurt that is spared,
Grief that is hid and joy that is shared —
    These be the flowers that I cull this day,
    Smiling at eve in Thy hand to lay.

Hope springing new each morn from hope's grave,
Will that is bent on a world to save;
Love loving many that seeks but One,
Dreams of a future when woe is done —
    These be the flowers that I cull this day,
    Smiling at eve in Thy hand to lay."

APPENDIX XIV

GREAT LEGAL PHILOSOPHERS

Many of us are lost in pursuit of riches, fame and power. Most of us cry when we lose our near and dear. How few of us want to live in tune with *Infinity*?

A few thousands hear a great Hindu epic — the Ramayana — expounded with skill, confidence and an orthodox slant: yet not even a few want to lead the life of the hero steadfast in the path of *Dharma*.

For a change, I went through the short lives of twenty-two great legal philosophers. Here is a cross-sectional study.

Cross-Sectional Study

The universe if cut through sectionally should give us the essence of what is in it and beyond in boundless space. And so I am trying to cut through these twenty-two legal philosophers from Aristotle to Cordozo.

Though he lived in small and rural Greek City States, radical legal and ethical problems were of concern even in Aristotle's world. How justice, right, equality and fair dealing should underlie the law came to Europe through the channel of Cicero.

How many of us would chase a beautiful woman out of our room with a burning brand as the Saint Thomas Aquinas?

Hugo Grotius was an infant prodigy maturing into mellowed wisdom in his "*Law of War and Peace.*"

Thomas Hobbes was a thorough student of all he read.

John Locke did not merely enlarge men's knowledge; he changed their ways of thinking too.

Baron de Montesquieu was a good listener as well as respected talker.

David Hume analysed himself remorselessly thus: "Some hate me because I am not a whig; some because I am not a Tory; some because I am not a Christian; and all because I am a Scotsman."

Jean Jacques Rousseau attacked society, put its upholders on the defensive and inspired experimentation and reform.

Immanuel Kant

A small man with a large head, Immanuel Kant, died on an unusually bright February day in 1804. A soldier stationed on the bridge saw a small white cloud and said "see that is Kant's soul flying heavenward."

Jeremy Bentham, the great utilitarian philosopher, was an amiable bachelor who left behind disciples like John Stuart Mill and John Austin.

Friedrich Carl Von Savigny produced profound legal work down to the day of his death at 82.

George Wilhelm Friedrich Hegel was a great metaphysician clinging to concepts high above. Hegel wrote to a friend "When a man has got work that suits him and a wife whom he loves, he may be said to have made up his accounts with life."

John Austin has had a great reputation after his death as a most influential force in nineteenth century Anglo-American legal thought.

John Stuart Mill's work on "Liberty" and "Utilitarianism" is not easy to forget.

Rudolf Von Ihering widened social dimension and deepened social responsibilities.

Oliver Wendell Holmes Jr. in his full life as a nonagenerian has given us a rare glimpse of the powers of the unknown and drawn us to Fabre's Studies of instinct, to Bergson's glimpses, and to Maurice Maeterlink's hearing a clang from behind phenomena.

Eugen Ehrlich took us to the centre of gravity of legal development in Society itself, away from legislation, juristic science and judicial decisions.

Jean Dabin, the Belgic professor, has taken us to neo-scholastic legal philosophy.

John Dewey, another nonagenerian, wrote prodigiously and initiated enquiry and did not disseminate doctrine.

Benjamin Nathan Cardozò left an estate of more than $ 300,000, much of which he bequeathed as a great bachelor to the Columbia University.

And so of India!

Not one of the twenty-two is from India. I have no grouse. Our great law-givers, Manu, Yajnavalkya, Narada, Brhaspathi and Katyayana have become to us mythical personages. Their works have been squeezed out by brilliant commentators as Vijnaneswara and Jimutavahana.

If one is to take a long jump through Anglo-Hindu legal phase, great judges are there. We have had too few original legal minds like Rash Behari Ghose.

Yet, if one were to go to the life of one who was a meticulous legal student with his feet implanted deep in Hindu morals, it was Sir P. S. Sivaswamy Iyer.

Like Benjamin Nathan Cardozo, he bequeathed all his vast earnings to the cause of education for girls and boys. When in the evening of his perfect life as a sage he preferred to stay in a rented cottage and not in his own palace "*Sudharma*", he shone as a rare star among Hindu legal philosophers.

If the lives of all these great legal philosophers remind us of one ringing lesson, it is in their *prodigious study* and *remoseless reflections.*

The influence of their lives and works is on us and through us to posterity.

Our master, Maharishi Ramana, a great initiator of the profound enquiry "Who am I?", taught us all that no thought of a sage even amidst inaccessible caves, goes in vain.

APPENDIX XV

WHAT WE OWE TO "CHEIRO"

Sir Lionel Phillips tritely remarked "to those who would conceal their history from the gaze of any fellow-creature, I would say, avoid an interview with Cheiro." For well nigh thirty years, "Cheiro" — Count Louis Hamon — was patronized by kings, princes, generals, multi-millionaires and others. To us, in India, Cheiro is doubly dear; he underwent discipline under a Maharashtra adept and as an ancient adage runs, — he who thrives through a hidden branch of knowledge dies poor: — it was exemplified in Count Louis Hamon's life also.

Forewarning and forearming

"Cheiro" shone as a great seer to all those who believed in the dictum "to be forewarned is to be forearmed". Let me cite three important instances from Hindu tradition. When Parikshit, the grandson of Arjuna, was warned by a sage that he was to pass away after seven days bitten by a venomous serpent, he not only prepared himself for the inevitable but gave us all a chance to listen to *Srimad Bhagavatham*. Sukha, the purest sage, assured him of Khatvanga of the Ikshavaku line of kings who had utilised, one and a half hours' notice of death! Thrailinga Swami, a contemporary of Sri Ramakrishna Paramahamsa, called in his disciples near Manikarnika ghat, Varanasi, blessed them and rested in *Samadhi* for twenty-one days. He was an authentic *yogi* who lived 270 years.

"Cheiro" had a double *head-line* after his thirtieth year; he had thus a "double life". When "Cheiro" predicted the forthcoming end of Madame Blavatsky, she packed up "her belongings and prepared for the great festival."

Likewise, "Cheiro" gave thirteen years' notice of the violent death of England's great businessman, William Whitely (Whitely's stores from "a needle to a battleship"). When he predicted a watery grave to Lord Kitchener, the latter averred, that he knew swimming. That could not save him when the "*New Hampshire*" sunk.

"Cheiro's" works

Eight works of "Cheiro" are well known. As one who had examined 2,000 hands as a hobby in India and U.S.A. I value specially these works :—"*Cheiro's language of the hand*", "*Mysteries of world's occultists*" and "*Memoirs of a modern seer*".

"Cheiro" hinted to a very fair lady at Chicago :—"Life is like the cigarette I offer you, — very quickly consumed and but a little dust and ashes at the end."

Let us understand another dictum of "Cheiro" :—"Where there is enough for one, there is always plenty for two."

His philosophy of life is found in this wise observation. Any gift from the Creator — and "Cheiro" had an uncanny intuitive flash to read between the lines in the hand, "is to be used not — for profit save as you need money to exist."

"Cheiro's" defence

Both in nerves and mechanism, the hand is the most wonderful organ in the entire system and has the most intimate connection with the brain.

If it is assumed that the lines in the forehead and the hand are formed by shrinkings or squeezings, that theory cannot explain the circles, the crosses, fish signs and conch signs found on the finger-tips or at the various mounts in the hands.

Further no two hands are alike.

A Sanskrit Ms. in Washington

While in the States in 1946, I took a photo-stat copy of a Sanskrit Ms. (C. 5254) lent by the University of Pennsylvania to the Washington Library of Congress. It contains a full description of the Hindu science of palmistry in the palm of the hand. In the Ms. *Stree-Rekha* (line of wife) is found at the margin under the little finger. The *Vidya-Rekha* (line of learning) at the bottom of the ring-finger ; the *Dharmartha Rekha* at the bottom of the middle finger, ("Cheiro's" line of Saturn) and the *Dharma Rekha* at the bottom of the pointer-finger (mount of Jupiter).

Likewise just higher up in each such finger (starting from the little finger) one can read *Jala Bhaya Rekha* (Line of danger from water), *Puthra Rekha* (line of issues), *Jnana Rekha* (line of wisdom) and *Sukha Rekha* (line of happiness).

Prospect ahead

The wayside palmist under the shady banyan tree may have brought ridicule on the science of palmistry. "We cannot deny the influence of the stars without disbelieving in the wisdom of God." (*Tycho-Brahe* — the Astronomer-Royal of Denmark). Palmists may be quacks but palmistry is an ancient science.

"Cheiro's" contribution to the science is that at the 35th year the Saturn line cuts the Head line. Its history till it cuts the Heart line of Hindu Palmistry (Health line of "Cheiro") is till 56 year.

Palmistry has helped me to unravel a bit of tangled humanity. It assisted me to earn 500 dollars in U.S.A. when I was badly short of them. With growing summers I now know that it is a stay in a wayside junction as my journey is to serene Himalayas. It is a horizontal projection of my intuition; and so I do not now read any one's hand.

APPENDIX XVI

LIVING UNDER A TREE

If sitting near the Manikarnika Ghat has removed the fear of death in me, living under a tree for hours together all alone and reading silently a great book as the *Gospel of Sri Ramakrishna Paramahamsa* has created a sense of absolute satisfaction in me. The discipline of living under the tree cuts down resentment due to residence and solves the problem of company. Ultimately this leads to freedom from attachment and dwelling with the Gods.

APPENDIX XVII

GIVING UP HOARDING

Time was when I had twenty-one walking sticks, twenty-five neck-ties and thirty kerchieves. And now I have only two serviceable sticks. Neck-ties have left me and I do not carry a kerchief. Why should one have more than one stick?

The benefits of begged food have not yet been realized. Whenever that festival of departure of the Life-spirit may occur, in steadfast faith I await it.

APPENDIX XVIII

SRI AUROBINDO'S MISSION

In sheer intellectual brilliance, Sri Sri Aurobindo, the Maha yogi who passed away in deep rest on 5th December, 1950 at *Vedapuri* (Pondicherry) reminds one of Sri Sankaracharya the first, John Milton and Hugo Grotius. The mighty Rishi, born on 15th August, 1872 at 4-30 A.M. (The early morning and 15th August have deep symbolism for India) had an uncommon "experience in that his *guru* was" an *inner touch* and practice of yoga, and after thirty years of strenuous self-discipline became a powerful yogi on 24th November, 1926. What are the distinctive features of this *Integral Yoga*? (also called *Poorna Yoga*). What are the "four great instruments of *Yoga Siddhi*?"

The author has elsewhere referred to Sri Aurobindo, the man; the study is here of his *mission* though the interaction of both is as inseparable as a chemical compound.

The Great Works

The facts in the life of Sri Aurobindo, his *Sadhana* and his great literary works are with us. His *Life Divine* (diagnosis), and his technique "*Integral Yoga*" constitute a whole. His inspired epic, *Savitri*, can best be appreciated only by lovers of poetry. His inspired messages in the *Arya* from 15th August, 1914-1921 gave a foretaste of what was being achieved in the laboratory of his consciousness, when his "mind was on a subtler plane". His great contemporary, Maharishi Ramana has left behind only a few very precious lines, though devotees' experiences and anecdotes are now on the increase.

If one leaves out the seven years of infancy, there are four well-marked periods in the life of Sri Aurobindo.

1. 1879-1893—Life in England.
2. 1893-1906—At Baroda.
3. 1906-1910—Intense political activity.
4. 1910-1950—Retirement and seclusion at Pondicherry.

Entrusted to unadulterated anglicized life, boy Aurobindo at Manchester became a Scholar in Latin, read the Bible, Shakespeare, Shelley and Keats. At St. Paul's School, London, he studied Greek and in his fourteenth year started writing English poetry. He wrote also Latin and Greek poetry. He read also French literature and history of Europe. He learnt also Italian, German and Spanish. He carried away all the prizes for classics. Getting a scholarship of £80 for his study in Cambridge, he passed the I.C.S. written test in 1890. Entering King's College, Cambridge, he passed classical Tripos in first class. Two years in a convent in India and fourteen years' stay in England produced in Aurobindo, a critical perspective to make a powerful and eloquent plea " in defence of Indian Culture ".

At Baroda

Returning to service at Baroda in 1893 he published in 1895 his "*Songs to Martella*". He read Homer, Dante, and the Mahabharata, Kalidasa, and Bhavabhuti. In 1898 he tried to develop his acquaintance with Bengalee. Starting as a rivulet in *Songs to Martella,* the muse in Sri Aurobindo blossomed into *Savitri.* Begun in 1898, it ended only in 1950 on the eve of his exit into the great beyond. What Sanskrit and Greek could execute, the English language was put to the task of expressing in vivid imagery " the unusual and unique experiences of a great spiritual adventurer ". (R. R. Diwakar).

Marriage

In his twenty-ninth year, Aurobindo married Mrinalini, a girl of fourteen years. His letters to his wife consoling, comforting and conducting her to a life of dedication in the hoary Hindu tradition are of surpassing significance to us enabling us to understand his *Sadhana.*

Three Insanities

In a letter to Mrinalini dated 30th August 1905, he takes her into his confidence after cataloguing his " Three Insanities " :—

(1) "My first insanity is my firm belief that the qualifications of the genius, the higher education, the learning and the wealth that Bhagvan has given me all belong to Him."

(2) "The second madness that has recently taken hold of me is, happen what may, I must see God face to face, whatever the means."

(3) "My third madness is with regard to Mother India. I look upon India as my mother. I am devoted to her. I worship her."

His Inner Urges

In 1885 (in his thirteenth year) Aurobindo had an *inner urge* for sacrifice and service to others. In 1901 he had a spiritual experience that some divine figure came out of his body and saved him from an accident to the carriage in which he was riding.

During his visit to Kashmir in 1903, while on the Shankaracharya Hill at Srinagar, he felt he was in the midst of the Vacant Infinite.

In 1907, after meeting Sri Lele of Gwalior at Baroda, Aurobindo made his complete *inner surrender* to God.

Being initiated into *Pranayam* by Deodhar, a disciple of Swami Brahmananda on the Narmada, Sri Aurobindo took to it with zest. "*Pranayam* makes one's intellect sharper and one's brain quicker ....when I was doing it in Baroda I was practising it for about five to six hours per day, three hours in the morning and two or three hours in the evening.... I felt that there was a great accession of light and power in the mind.... I felt as if my brain was encircled by a ring of electricity."

While in Alipore jail, Aurobindo had a *darshan* of Sri Krishna and a vision of Vivekananda pushing him (1908-1909).

In 1910 urged from within, he left for Chandernagore and thence to Pondicherry where he continued his *Sadhana* till his *Mahasamadhi* on 5th December, 1950.

Yoga-Siddhi

Four great instruments are to *work together* for Yoga *Siddhi* (Sri Aurobindo in his *Synthesis of Yoga*).

(a) *Shastra* — "the science of Yoga incorporating the body of experiments and traditions left by great Yogis.

(b) *Utsaha* is the flame of ever brightening aspiration upward bound."

(c) *Guru* is "a master of yoga who by personal instruction can guide the *Sadhaka*."

(d) *Kāla* "maturity of time is an important factor that cannot be ignored."

"*Yoga* seeks to cut short that time but it cannot be eliminated altogether." (Sri Aurobindo).

A passage in *the Mother* stresses *the triple labour* an aspirant has to make in order to advance in this path of Yoga :—

(A) *Aspiration* vigilant, constant, unceasing; (B) *Rejection* of the movements of the lower nature; and (C) *Surrender* of oneself and all one is and has to the Divine and the *Shakti*.

His Sadhana

"Though generally a touch from the Guru is necessary", writes Sri Aurobindo "it is not indispensable. In my case there was no touch from a Guru. I got an inner touch and practised Yoga."

"At a certain stage when I could not proceed any further, Lele gave me some help.

"When I came to Pondicherry, I got from within a programme for my *Sadhana*.

"I carried it out for myself but could not make much progress regarding the help to be given to others; then came Mira. I found with her aid the method of this help."

Where he differs

Though Sri Aurobindo was steeped in the *Upanishads* and the *Gita*, his *Yoga* differs from what has gone before in "its approach, aim, standpoint, totality and its main steps starting from faith and surrender" (R. R. Diwakar).

All the three *yoga*s of the *Gita* — *Karma*, *Jnana* and *Bhakti* — are to be found in Aurobindo's life and *tapasya*.

There is no inherent contradiction between *matter* and *spirit* in Aurobindo's *integral yoga*; mind, life and matter are all *spirit* in different form. Einstein's formula supports this view.

It differs from Sankara's *maya* or illusion in regard to the visible material world.

While the spirit being absolute and infinite remains as it is, the Satchidanand aspect of the *Spirit* (which is) as power at the root of the eternal involution — evolution.

The Spirit, Sri Aurobindo designates as the *Purushottam* of the *Gita* while *Satchidananda* is *the Akshara* (imperishable) and the creation is the *Kshara* (perishable).

The process of evolution would be speedier if through internal yoga man invoked the *Supermind.*

Ultimate Purpose

The ultimate purpose of Aurobindo's teaching was to "divinise the whole of humanity by *transforming mind, life, and matter.*"

Aurobindo was not at all satisfied with *individual Salvation*—blazed by the Vedic Rishis. It took him "thirty years of search and inner creation" to develop this Yoga.

India has produced probably the maximum number of Saints, Sages and *Siddhas*; and she produced in Sri Aurobindo a master-mind who combined in himself classic depth and Titanic strength.

Here is a message from Sri Aurobindo to humanity :—

> "The time for your turning to the spiritual life depends upon your own aspiration. A sincere aspiration brings always its response ; and if there is a continuity in the will, the result cannot fail."

APPENDIX XIX

ON PREGNANT DREAMS

A brilliant commentator on Living has laid down that "dreaming is the continuation of the conscious state, the extension of what is not active during the waking hours" (J. K.). Dreams have in substance an unreal stuff, bringing out the repressed. There are day-dreams of a glutton as there are pre-midnight experiences. What has concerned me and what really should matter for humanity are the *morning dreams.*

Gleanings into my diaries

Till 1942 life meant for me using time effectively by reading law, biography and philosophy. When after my prolonged illness my dear mother passed away whereon started my quick recovery, I really became dead earnest to understand the meaning of 'Life'. So by understanding 'Death' as a gateway to 'Life', I began to maintain spiritual path diaries, recording therein remorseless truth.

Early morns from 3 a.m. to 5-30 a.m. after meditation and deep-breath (*Pranayam*, 1 : 4 : 2) have yielded a number of dreams, events in which have turned out prophetic and true, casting their shadows of coming events.

Morning dreams — recorded

Sri B. V. Narasimhaswamy had been with me at Allahabad and left on 20th October 1943 to Patna. On 31st October 1943 at 3 a.m. I had a dream-experience of Sri B. V. N. Swamy blessing me to continue in the path with another aged Saint coming near me.

On 29th November 1943 I had a morning dream of "Mr. A. N. Sapru, I.C.S. talking with me". Forthwith I wrote to his father who had been warned by three eminent physicians including Dr. B. C. Roy that his son — bitten by a mad dog had "only a 5% chance to survive". In my letter, I stated "that Mr. A. N. Sapru would certainly survive". He is still happily alive.

On 8th December 1944 in the small hours of the morning, I had a dream that I was going abroad in 1946. I wrote of this experience to Dr. S. Radhakrishnan. It came true as I took *s.s. Otranto* to Southampton on 14th April 1946.

After a long concentration on the mystic "*Aum*" I had a *powerful* morning dream on 21st December 1944 that the force of it had left behind a strong effect on my whole nervous system. I could reduce the gist of the dream into terse prose-poetry in a few minutes on "*The Morning Star*".

In such a dream, "our souls read a layer of our mind which we do not read in our waking hours, and however unsubstantial imagination may be it is behind the imagination that all unknown psychic truths lie."

On 3rd February 1945 at 4-30 a.m. I had a fine dream of going alone to Sri Hanumanji — the Monkey-God — through a very difficult track. Ever since, *this manifestation of power and concentration* has played a very significant role in my humble life.

At 4 a.m. at Jaipur, on November 15, 1956, I had an ecstatic dream. Miles of knee-deep water with snakes and hideous reptiles. It was all splash and foam. The sheets of water were over : Tail-less apes hopping on me. Two mates following me : my mates found missing. It was an area of rare calm : of only *thoughts supreme.*

I wrote to Swami Shivananda at Rishikesh. He wrote in reply on 28th November 1956 :—"When even during dreams thoughts are of God and saints, it is clear indication that the inner layer has been effectively rid of impurities." I do not know.

I need only cite of Thrijatai's dream consoling Sita in confinement of good things to come. To jump to very recent times, Sri Aurobindo had a dream in the Alipore Jail where Swami Vivekananda was *pushing* him from behind.

I know, *per* Jalaludin Rumi, that, "*Silence is the guide and support of men at sea.*"

Every mystic, as C. J. reminded me through a letter dated 13 February, 1948, "is a lone wolf, that is, in his own self."

Yet, I am joining others in various types of helpful work.

This I know that many a time the spiritual call comes in a dream. The spiritual guide gives his instruction in a dream and many spiritual doubts are solved in dreams.

Through dreams, the immortals initiate their disciples.

APPENDIX XX

OUR GUIDING SAGES

It is not the purpose of this essay to give an account of the seven "*Chiranjeevis*" of Hindu mythology as Asvathama, Bali, Vyasa, Kripa, Parasurama, Hanuman and Vibhishana. It is true that there are in Aryavarta a school of *yogis* who assure me that they meet *Asvathama* once a year within a dense forest.

Sage Agasthya

The attempt herein made is to give short sketches of other authentic sages who are still available to guide the truly deserving. In the nineteenth century, there lived a master-mind, T. Subba Rao, brilliant all round as a tennis player and a very sensitive seer who had *met* sage Agasthya. Account is left for us by Sir S. Subramania Iyer, who had initiation into the *Mahamantra* of Gayatri by Mahatma T. Subba Rao. There is an universal faith in Thirunelveli District that the shortest sage, Agasthya, still resides in *Podiyamalai*.

Sage of Arunagiri

Likewise on the northern slope of Arunachala, near the summit, a *Siddha Purusha*, known as Arunagiri Yogi, sits beneath an inaccessible banyan tree. One day in 1906 Sri Maharishi Ramana saw an enormous banyan leaf in a dry water course, on the northern slope. Eager to spot out that tree which bore such leaves he reached a place whence he could see a large flat rock and on it the banyan tree. He disturbed a hornet's nest and returning late to the *Ashram*, discouraged any of his devotees who wished to do so. As Mount Everest claims first the pioneer dare-devils from the West as victims of discovery, so too one Mr. Thompson pursued the forbidden venture and had to return unsuccessful.

Sri Trailinga Swamy

Authentic accounts have reached us of the Sage Trailinga Swamy who was met by Sri Ramakrishna Paramahamsa near the

Manikarnika Ghat, Varanasi. He lived for 270 years and has left behind not merely a Mutt at Varanasi but a band of devoted followers in Bengal.

Sri Shivapuri Baba

Last January passed away Sri Shivapuri Baba near the Pasupathinath shrine at Kathmandu (Nepal). I met him on 1st October 1962 and learnt that he was born 136 years ago as a Nambudri Brahmin in Kerala. He was an adept in Raja yoga and had mastery of at least eight languages. He penetrated into inaccessible Tibet and wandered for fifty years on foot. He was held in high esteem by H.M. King Mahendra of Nepal as the latter assured me; my cordial thanks are due to my longstanding literary friend, Y. G. Krishnamoorthy, who made my stay in Kathmandu in 1962, fruitful all round. He autographed for me with "*Aum*" a copy of the Rig Veda and gently told me that "I would very soon hear of his body's end." And so, it has happened!

Of the Sages of the Himalayas

In such a distressed period for us, many friends have put me, the question 'what has happened to the guardian sages doing penance in Father Himalayas'? My humble reply is "Yes. These sages are ever there. They could pass through the elements. We, their disciples, have become not merely less faithful but have also become weak-kneed. *None but the brave can preserve freedom.*"

ओं

GLOSSARY

Atman : Self or Soul.

Bhagavad Gita : An important Hindu scripture comprising eighteen chapters.

Buddhi : Determinative faculty of the mind.

Dharma : Righteousness — duty — the inner constitution of a thing which governs its growth.

Gayatri : A sacred verse of the Vedas recited daily by Hindus of the three castes after their investiture with the sacred thread.

Ikshvaku : The first king of the Solar Dynasty, mentioned in the Puranas.

Jiva : The individual Soul.

Jnana : Knowledge of Reality arrived at through discrimination.

Karma : Action in general.

Mimamsa : Same as Purva-mimamsa.

Om : The most sacred word of the Vedas.

Pranayama : Control of the breath.

Purva-mimamsa : Based on the ritualistic part of the Vedas.

Rishi : A Seer of Truth — also a general name for Saint or ascetic.

Sankara : Short for Sri Sankaracharya.

Siddhas : Short for Tamil Sages, eighteen in number.

Smriti : Includes the epics, the Puranas and the Code of Manu.

Sruti : The Vedas.

Upanishads : Scriptures of the Hindus containing the philosophy of the Vedas. Eleven out of these one hundred and eight are called Major Upanishads.

Vedas : The revealed scriptures of the Hindus.

Yoga : Union of the Individual Soul and the Supreme Soul — also the discipline by which such union is effected ascribed to Patanjali.

Yogi : One who practises Yoga.

N.B. :—Full use has been made of my esteemed ascetic-friend, Swami Nikhilananda's way of describing these terms.

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